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This Week

No less an expert than Boris himself steps forward with a mass of plausible statistics on the subject of world production. We now rely chiefly on petroleum and coal, white and black, as sources of power. Dr. Lothrop Stoddard and others will be glad to hear that the white coal is winning out.

* * *

Robert de Flers — some of whose writings, it is whispered, would not come up to our high standards of purity — obliges us with a lively dissertation on Victorien Sardou, author of ninety plays. When this prolific dramatist got talking, there was no stopping him, for even as he gulped down his drinks he would continue to hold the floor with his hands, so to speak.

* * *

Now that the *Living Age* has sprung to their defense, our friends the advertisers — of whom we wish we had more — need no longer apologize about their profession when they are in the company of real highbrows. Our double-barreled volley, although strictly a mere transatlantic echo of the *Manchester Guardian,* hits the bull's-eye twice.

* * *

Baird Dennison is one of those sarcastic Englishmen who here takes occasion to make a lot of nasty remarks about the French administration of Alsace. To hear him talk, one would think that the Germans had as much right to the province as anyone else.

* * *

Rudolph Requadt's remarkable snake-stories are the first of a series of five articles on African animals. This installment is not recommended as bedtime reading for those whose digestions and imaginations are lively.

* * *

Few of our readers will be able to resist the lure of so characteristic a title as 'Finland's Last Rune-Singer.' It is one of those subjects you have always wanted to know about but have never, until the *Living Age* came along, had the opportunity to investigate.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

RUMANIA'S NEW ECONOMIC POLICY

It is difficult to determine how far recent pessimistic political reports from Rumania are colored by the medium through which they reach foreign readers. The Bratianu Cabinet and its supporters are personæ non gratæ with investing interests abroad. Italo Zingarelli, the Bucharest correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*, quotes Vintila Bratianu, the brother of the Premier, who reigns supreme in the Department of Finance and is credited with being the dominant member of the family dictatorship, as using for his motto this paraphrase of Cavour's famous saying: 'Rumania proposes to go it alone.' She must do so, he says, because foreign capitalists are plotting to convert the country into a second Congo Free State, in order to exploit it at their discretion.

Last spring the Cabinet introduced a bill regulating companies engaged in exploiting the country's mineral and timber wealth, which called forth a protest from our own Government and was amended under foreign pressure. As enacted, the law requires that a majority of the stock of all companies hereafter receiving concessions or extensions of existing concessions shall be owned by Rumanians and have a certain percentage of Rumanian officers and employees.

Tancred Constantinescu, the Minister of Commerce, defends the law in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, as follows: —

Statistics show that the new act does not unfairly curtail the opportunities of foreign companies. The proved oil lands in Rumania at the present time cover 26,000 hectares, of which only 3500 hectares are actually producing. Foreign companies have developed 2500 hectares, and local companies 1000 hectares of this area. Practically 21,500 hectares of the remaining 22,500 hectares have already been reserved by foreign corporations, leaving but 1000 hectares for Rumanian companies. In other words, foreign investors have a very extensive reserve of unmeasured wealth with which to operate. Some estimate that Rumania's petroleum fields will ultimately be proved to cover 140,000 hectares. The new law provides that the Government shall prescribe the terms under which these unexplored fields shall be operated. They will not be granted to foreign companies unless

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the latter agree beforehand to submit to the nationalization provisions; but the Government cannot prevent any private person from disposing of his own property, and he can place its development in the hands of foreign companies if he so desires.

The balance sheets of the great foreign petroleum-companies show that their operations in Rumania have been very profitable. That is the reason foreign capital has been attracted to the country, and is also why so much domestic capital has been invested in this industry. But it would be unjust for Rumania to permit foreign capitalists to monopolize these rich sources of wealth and to prevent Rumanian capital from enjoying a fair share of the business. A majority of the stock of the largest and wealthiest companies is owned abroad. The shares of many of these companies are not even quoted on the Bucharest Stock Exchange. In a word, Rumanian investors are practically excluded from an industry that owes its prosperity entirely to the natural wealth of their own country.

Only one question remains: will Rumanian capitalists be able to take over the 55 per cent indicated of the capital stock of foreign companies, and in addition provide money to develop the still unexploited Government oil lands? In view of the acute money-crisis in Rumania, this may seem doubtful. Nevertheless, statistics show that between 1919 and 1923 the share of the country's petroleum output produced by Rumanian companies rose from 2 per cent to 44 per cent. This expansion occurred during the critical years immediately following the war, when money was very scarce indeed. Consequently it is reasonable to anticipate that Rumanian capital will be able to take care adequately of the future development of the oil industry in that country, although the rate of that development may at first slow down.

In general, the new law is designed to defend the interests of the country. Foreigners who condemn the Government for so doing overlook the fact that it is the business of every nation to consult primarily the interest of its own people.

The London *Economist* summarizes as follows the results of the general economic policy that finds partial expression in this legislation: —

While it is true that the financial policies of Mr. Vintila Bratianu have done much to bring about the almost complete stagnation which is at present paralyzing commercial activity throughout Rumania, his policies, nevertheless, in general are based upon sound economics. He has secured an almost complete documentation of external and internal liabilities, and arranged a large part of them so that they have become a definite charge on the country's productive capacity over a long period of years; the State Budget is expected to show a surplus this year of more than 2000 million lei; an 'active' trade balance has been definitely restored; and currency inflation ceased last December.

✠

A DISILLUSIONED ZIONIST

THE assassination at Jerusalem of Professor Jacob de Haan, a Jewish scholar who has been prominent in Jewish controversies in Palestine, calls attention to the difficulties the restorers of Israel encounter in reconciling the Nationalist and the strictly religious aspects of their task. Professor de Haan was a disillusioned Zionist. He went to Palestine an ardent champion of all that the movement stands for, but eventually became one of the bitterest opponents of its political aims. Indeed his enemies charged him with being pro-Arab. The influences that brought about this change will probably never be fully known. Alexander Levy, the Jaffa correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung*, surmises that they sprang from political sympathy with the claim of the Arabs to majority rule in Palestine, and from the idea that Judaism is primarily a spiritual movement likely to be corrupted by the prominence Zionists give to political and economic objects.

In a letter to the *Amsterdam Handelsblad*, written just before his death,

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Professor de Haan discussed Sabbath observance in Palestine, which conflicts with the Mohammedan practice of observing Friday and the Christian practice of observing Sunday. When a high official asked a prominent young Jew if he had any objection to working on Saturday, the reply was: 'I have no objection on religious grounds, but I do have on national grounds.' The Zionist Labor Unions use their Saturday holiday, as many Christians use Sunday, for excursions and picnics, although these are against the Sabbath laws of the Jews. Professor de Haan asserted that some of the Palestine schools teach that the Old Testament has no deeper significance for the Jews than the Justinian Code has for the Italians.

A Jewish contributor, writing to *Handelsblad* on the occasion of Professor de Haan's death, said that the members of the *Aghundah Yisroel* or Orthodox Jewish Party, to which the latter belonged, were subject to bitter persecution. 'One day when I was walking with de Haan through the streets of Jerusalem, I noticed that the Jews whom we met spat on the ground when they saw us coming. I said: "They do not do it out of respect for you?" "No," he replied, "they do it out of respect for you. When I am alone, they spit in my face."'

*

OLYMPIC DISCORDS

COMMENTING upon the unsportsmanlike spirit occasionally exhibited at the Olympic Games in Paris, which threatened to cause the withdrawal of Great Britain from future events of this character, the *Times* says editorially:—

> Miscellaneous turbulence, shameful disorder, storms of abuse, free fights, and the drowning of the National Anthems of friendly nations by shouting and booing are not conducive to an atmosphere of Olympic calm. The peace of the world is too precious to justify any risk — however wild the idea may seem — of its being sacrificed on the altar of international sport. The right spirit of such sport was finely shown in the meeting at Stamford Bridge on Saturday between the athletes of the United States and the British Empire. In spite of the severity of their defeat the Empire competitors — and the British spectators — took their beating with perfect good-humor, and the Americans for their part were entirely free from the arrogance of success and were clearly on the most friendly, chivalrous, and sympathetic terms with the losers. But in the Olympic contests, it seems, this human camaraderie is not proof against the loss of self-control to which national partisanship may give rise.

The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is inclined to minimize the importance of occasional French demonstrations against foreign players, but thinks that the French passion for bureaucracy influenced the local promoters of the Games to appoint a superabundance of officials. Indeed Dr. Bellin du Coteau, writing in *Écho des Sports*, criticized his countrymen for bringing into the Olympic organization men utterly unqualified to have anything to do with sport:—

> They have wormed their way into commissions and committees for merely personal ends. Sport has appealed to them only in so far as it seemed capable of bringing them the Legion of Honor or some other less honorific decoration. As a consequence we have been faced with the spectacle of outsiders possessed of no qualification whatever, never having felt the need in their whole life of any physical exercise, now lording it over national and international manifestations of athleticism. And as the Legion of Honor does not come along as quickly as they would like, everyone has had to bear the brunt of their bad temper or their utter indifference, which have been a perpetual nuisance. Let us add that the mere fact of wanting the Legion of Honor does not unfortunately confer either intelli-

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gence or integrity. . . . The Olympic Games have brought to light many ugly things as well as many fine ones.

The suggestion that England cease to participate in the Games hereafter was not well received by British athletes and sportsmen. R. Salisbury Woods, ex-President of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, wrote to say: —

Those of us who have recently returned from the 'Stadium competitions' in track and field athletics feel strongly that this branch of 'the Games' of 1924 has been conducted in a spirit of friendly rivalry and real sportsmanship not approached in any of the preceding Olympiads. The most cordial relations were fostered between the competitors and officials of all the English-speaking peoples, and the very complete harmony which now exists between our athletes and those of the U. S. A. in particular is, in my humble opinion, more than a sufficient offset to any 'incidents' in other sections, such as boxing and fencing.

Lord Cadogan, Chairman of the Council of the British Olympic Association, criticized vigorously in a letter to the same newspaper its correspondent's account of the friction at Paris as 'un-English and unsportsmanlike.'

A contributor to *The Nation and the Athenæum* also regards these contests with a more favorable eye. Speaking of the football tournament, he says: 'The whole long series of ties was carried through in a spirit of sporting friendship vastly creditable to players, organizers, and officials alike,' and he declares that the track and field events were regarded by the contestants with 'the same enthusiasm, the same genuine international emotion.'

It is clear to anyone who talks to them that the gathering of the teams is the symbol of a world-wide movement that has touched the spirit of the democracies in east and west, in north and south. Whatever they may be, whatever their defects, the Olympic Games are not a fake; they are intensely sincere and intensely alive.

If all this be true, why should there ever have been hostility in England to the Olympic Games? It is hard to say. The ideal is British; it is, indeed, a typical part of the contribution made by Britons to the civilization of our day. Perhaps the hostility is a relic of the disappearing sentiment which Mr. Shaw puts into the mouth of Master John de Stogumber: 'No Englishman is ever beaten fairly.' A generation ago, no doubt, we all believed that no foreigner could be a sportsman. We are getting over that delusion. Our experience in international sport has taught us to know, to understand, and therefore to respect our foreign opponents. The truth is — why not recognize it? — that there is nothing so effectual as sport in making the mass of people in one country respect the people of another. Who really doubts that nine Englishmen in ten would look with quite other eyes on Uruguay if they realized — what is the fact — that the Uruguayan team played football in the Paris Tournament which in skill, courage, and endurance no English amateurs could hope to rival?

*

FURTHER REVERBERATIONS FROM JAPAN

By the middle of July the Big Four of the Japanese cinema world, the Shochiku, Nikkatsu, Teikine, and Makino companies, who are the largest producers and exhibitors in Japan, lifted the boycott they had enforced against American films since the passage of our immigration-restriction law. They did so because they were losing patronage, for the Japanese flocked to the independent theatres that still used American plays. One reason for the failure of this boycott, according to the Tokyo press, was the unwillingness of the Japanese to have their patriotic sentiments exploited by private commercial organizations.

Yamato, an influential and sober-minded journal, ascribes the declining interest in the immigration issue to 'a trait peculiar to the Japanese, whose

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irritable and touchy temper soon subsides with the lapse of time.'

The Lower House of the Japanese Parliament has adopted a bill laid before it by the Cabinet that amends the law of nationality so that Japanese born in foreign countries and acquiring citizenship there shall be officially recognized as having ceased to be subjects of Japan. Tokyo *Asahi* welcomes this legislation, even though it is belated, because Japan's insistence upon the principle 'once the Mikado's subject always his subject' goes far to explain, in its opinion, the suspicions cherished against her by America that bore fruit in the exclusion law. Writing before the adoption of the amendment, that journal said: —

Although Japanese are denied the right of naturalization, yet citizenship is granted to those born in the United States, according to a provision of the United States Constitution. But our Government requires their parents to report soon after their birth to a Japanese Consulate located in their vicinity, where the child's name must be registered in the official records as a Japanese subject. For the present Japanese nationality law provides that Japanese born in foreign countries cannot repudiate their Japanese nationality unless they have served in the Imperial army or unless they have passed the age for military service.

Among the amusing proposals that the lively discussion of emigration has brought forth, is one suggested by Count Otani Kozui, formerly abbot of a great Japanese temple, in the popular Tokyo review, *Kokumin*. He classifies emigration under three heads: emigration of capital, emigration of labor, and last of all, under his own proposal, enforced emigration of drones. In other words, he would make more room for thrifty, industrious Japanese in their own country by shipping the idle rich out of it. Among the arguments he advances in favor of this novel suggestion are the following: —

The greatest consumers are the drones. These must be compelled to emigrate. They must be evicted from the country. One consumer neutralizes the results of the efforts of ten producers. The greatest need of the moment is, therefore, the eviction of these drones. The idle rich are not producers. They have no direct control of their property. They invest their money either in the shares of companies or in land, or they deposit it in banks. Wherever they may live, they are entitled to the yield of their investments. By remaining in Japan and doing nothing except consuming goods, they are doing their country ill service, as their presence contributes to the rise in prices. They are nevertheless law-abiding people, and by no means inclined to misdeeds. Indeed, they believe that they form the cream of the population, and even talk of guiding popular ideas along the right path. They can, however, do little toward the professed wise guidance of the popular ideas, except by leaving Japan.

Peers come under the category of the drones of whom I am writing. If they lived abroad, their change of environment might turn them into a sort of producer. At any rate, Japan can profit considerably by getting rid of elements who do nothing but consume goods at home. Being men of some property and some knowledge, there is no fear of their acting abroad in a manner which would gravely reflect upon the honor of their country. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that they would endeavor to enhance the reputation of their country. The Japanese Government must devise means to encourage or compel them to go abroad to live. For these drones China supplies the best place for settling down. Especially adapted is the territory south of the Yangtze. As they are not very rich, places where low prices prevail must be chosen. From this point of view, China is preferable to Europe or the South Seas. The districts south of the Yangtze are fertile and the climate is as moderate as that of Kyushu.

*

MINOR NOTES

THE Berlin anti-Bolshevist daily, *Dni*, publishes a report from Manchuria

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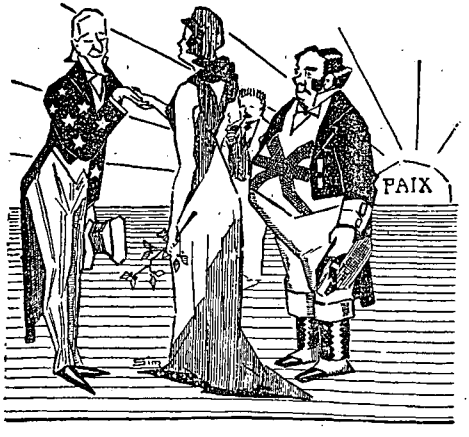
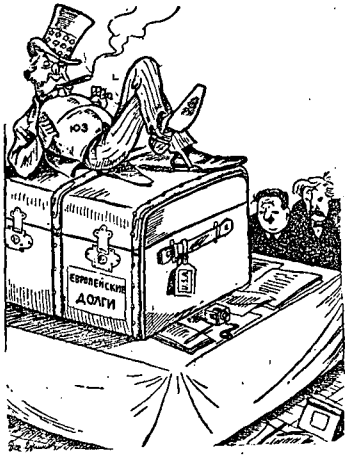
that illustrates the commercial rivalries underlying the recent negotiations between China and Russia. Formerly Russian steamboats had the right to ply upon the Sungari River, a tributary of the Amur, and the Chinese-Eastern Railway operated until last year a considerable fleet upon that waterway. A number of farming and lumbering communities have sprung up along the river that afforded considerable business for this line. After the Allies withdrew from Siberia, Chinese steamboats tried to compete for this trade, but with little success, because the Railway's boats had an established business and charged lower freights. Finally Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden Tuchun, prohibited the Russian steamers from navigating the river; but the Chinese boats took advantage of this to charge such extortionate rates as to strangle the traffic, and at the time of the recent conference over 150,000 tons of cargo were reported to be piled up on the river landings, which the owners could not or would not ship out of the country under existing conditions.

ACCORDING to Lloyd's new Register, the carrying capacity of the world's merchant fleets decreased nearly 1,143,000 tons last year, in spite of the new ships built during that period. Our own merchant marine is declining rapidly, while those of Germany and Japan are forging ahead relatively faster than their rivals. Though we still rank second in merchant tonnage, thanks to the marvelous expansion of the war period, Germany threatens to oust us from that position. As generally happens in a period of curtailment and reorganization, the decline in carrying capacity is partly compensated by the greater efficiency of the surviving units. The average size of vessels is increasing. More than two thirds of the vessels now at sea employ oil instead of coal for fuel, and motor-driven vessels are multiplying significantly. The change from coal to oil is modifying sea routes, for oil-burners are far less dependent upon intermediate refueling stations than are coal-burning steamships of any type hitherto designed.

TWO VIEWS OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE



It 's pleasant for old friends to meet again.
— *Progrès Civique*



MR. HUGHES. Gentlemen, I hope I don't inconvenience you.
— *Izvestia*

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ADVERTISEMENTS AND SLOGANS

[The article that follows is composed of two clever sketches on advertising published on the occasion of the International Advertising Conference in London last July. Advertising is a subject in which every consumer, as well as every producer, in these days of parlous propaganda, is directly interested.]

From the *Manchester Guardian Advertising Review, July* 16
(LIBERAL DAILY SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT)

I

How forcible are right words! — JOB: VI, 25.

COPY is the written word. In advertisements copy plays an important part because upon its shoulders, often slender so far as space is concerned, falls the responsibility of turning the curiosity or interest aroused by picture and 'layout' into conviction. Copy is not only the word-part of an advertisement. It is the last word, and its success is determined by its capacity to make converts for the cause of the goods or services or ideas advertised. It may use, and at its best does use, all the devices of the art of writing, but it must employ two of those devices in greater measure than is necessary in any other branch of letters. These two devices are velocity and persuasiveness: velocity, to arrest the passing glance of the reader, and persuasiveness, to establish confidence without which business is difficult or impossible.

These two qualities in their highest degree of excellence are essential whether the copy be long or short, — a slogan of ten words or a column of ten hundred, — for an advertisement is always aimed at a moving target and the shots are costly. Healthy advertising returns are gradual and progressive, but at a time when advertisement costs are constantly increasing, the graduation must be made steeper and the progress accelerated. In order to keep pace with these conditions, greater and greater demands have been made upon the clinching-power of the copy, with the result that copy-writing, the latest-born child of the literary arts, has already acquired at the hands of the expert much of the nervous energy and temperamental force which are usually associated with the older branches of persuasive and forensic letters.

It is sometimes questioned whether advertisement copy-writing should be permitted a place in the temple of literature. Such an objection is made up in equal parts of quibble and snobbishness. If we understand literature as written expression in its most appropriate form, then copy-writing is entitled to its place in the literary sun. As a matter of fact all that range of indisputable literature associated with special pleading of one kind or another is authentic copy. Every writer who seeks to bend opinion towards his own views, whether he be a theologian or a politician, a moralist or a scientist, employs the arts of the copy-writer. Goods are as necessary to life as ideas and ideals. The advertisement of goods in the best

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sense, that is, of the best goods in the most appropriate way, is therefore important to mankind and not unworthy the genius of letters.

Considered from this legitimate angle, good copy may be found, without stretching the bounds of the above definition, in the most exalted books. In fact, the better the book the better the copy. There is no more perfect piece of copy-writing than the advertisement of Wisdom in *Proverbs* iii, 13–18: —

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

The apathetic attitude of the public towards Wisdom might have been reduced had this admirable piece of copy been suitably displayed every now and then in the advertisement columns of the press. It is, however, only one of the many excellent examples of copy-writing which may be found in the Scriptures; another is the immortal exposition of Faith, Hope, and Love in I *Corinthians* xiii. Shakespeare may also be trawled with equally good results.

But, as it may be argued that such examples are too remote from the mundane purposes of commercial publicity, a few examples of good copy from less exalted sources may be cited. No better advertisement of tobacco has ever been written than that put into the mouth of Yeo by Charles Kingsley, in *Westward Ho!*: —

When all things were made none was made better than this; to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire, Sir; while for staunching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven.

Here is a good piece of copy for a publisher's announcement of a series of classical reprints. It is from Macaulay's *Essay* on Francis Bacon: —

These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

Such copy might move the shyest of the book-shy to form a library and even to read the old masters. In recent years there has been a notable improvement in the copy of furnishing advertisements, but the modern style of copy-writing was long since anticipated by the poet Edgar Allan Poe, and such sentences as these, from his essay on the *Philosophy of Furniture*, might have been taken from the publicity pages of a contemporary journal: —

The soul of the apartment is the carpet. From it are deduced not only the hues but the forms of all objects incumbent. A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet *must* be a genius.

A statuette of a faun, particularly if a replica of a Greek masterpiece, might sell in large numbers if announced with the literary grace of Nathaniel Hawthorne in his novel, *Transformation:* —

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill — in a word,

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a sculptor and a poet too — could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble.

Literature has beaten the copy-writer proper at his own game in seductive descriptions of desirable houses and residential or holiday resorts. A good specimen occurs in a letter of the poet Gray, written in 1764: —

The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window. The town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its own stone walls. . .

But it is unnecessary to proceed, for the passage, which upholds the charms of Netley, might have appeared with benefit in an estate agent's catalogue. It comes from the letters of the author of '*An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.*'

Most readers know George Borrow's dithyramb on beer and Meredith's on wine in *The Egoist.* Here is a less familiar but equally attractive piece on wine: —

This is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrifieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction — that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven, *ergo* good wine carrieth a man to heaven.

This is from James Howell's *Familiar Letters*, 1634.

Finally, let us recall a piece of copy in the technical sense, since it is an advertisement put into the mouth of an itinerant vendor of a universal stain-remover by Charles Dickens: —

This is the infallible and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot or spatter, from silk, stain, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombazeen or woolen stuff. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, any stains, all come out at one rub with the infallible and invaluable composition.

The incomparable gusto of Dickens gives to this piece, caricature though it is, something of the inevitable stuff and quality of all good copy whether literature or mere jargon.

These passages are quoted to prove that good copy and acknowledged literature need not be strangers. Copy-writing is an art differing from belles-lettres only in detail, not in kind. A copy-writer, unlike the more individual of men of letters, does not write to express himself, although good copy always bears the mark of its author's individuality. It possesses idiosyncrasy, character, conceit, personality. But all of this is subservient to an aim, as indeed all writing should be and all good writing is. Theoretically an expert copy-writer should be able to write copy to order on any subject and to be persuasive about any goods, no matter how inferior, or any cause, no matter how ridiculous. But theory and practice are here once more at variance. There is an underlying truth in good writing, and good copy is no exception. The good copy-writer must believe that somebody will benefit by his persuasiveness, otherwise his copy will not succeed in being persuasive.

Copy must be well written and it must achieve its purpose. The two conditions are interdependent. But, while being literature, it must avoid being literary — no words for their own sake, no fine phrases because their author likes them. The management of words so that they shall serve a single clearly defined purpose without looking to the right or the left requires the strictest discipline of the pen.

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There is no royal road to this art. It is a gift, like poetry — only there are more tolerable poets than tolerable copy-writers, and great copy-writers and great poets share a common scarcity.

The copy-writer is in fact engaged broadly in the one single operation, that of selling. He is desperately in need of new epithets. He cannot embroider his work with humor or fancy or literary graces except just in so far as thereby he can attract and hold his unseen customer. When the copy-writer with a rich and unusual vocabulary, a feeling for rhythm, a sense of humor, an ingenious indirectness of approach, can subordinate all these qualities to the main purpose in hand — that of putting forward sound selling-arguments — his copy will be, because of its unusualness, of great value in impressing the commodity on the reader. One goes to a public function, hears a half-dozen speakers, comes back with a vague impression of what five dull worthy men have fumbled to say or said badly, but a very distinct impression of what the sixth — a man of brevity, wit, ingenuity of approach — has succeeded in conveying. It is so with the work of the brilliant copy-writer.

We hear brilliant copy-writing sometimes denounced by experts. 'Clever — yes, but does it sell the goods?' This is merely the distrust of the routine expert — the man of formula — for the unusual. If the approach be tactful, the argument pointed, cleverness won't ruin an advertisement. If the matter be brilliant, but brilliantly irrelevant, the copy is not 'too clever,' as the condemning phrase goes, but not clever enough.

The copy-writer is saved from the journalist's temptation to circumlocution, but he is not exempt from the author's weakness of assuming that people want to go on reading what he has written with such care. They don't. He has, as it were, buttonholed them when they would be passing on to something else. At least, no other assumption is safe. And just as it is easier to make a long speech than a short one, — it is in fact one of the marks of a really bad or a tired speaker that he can't sit down, — so it is easier to write, to dictate even, a diffuse advertisement. The conditions of rush under which much copy-writing is actually done are heavily against the polished and pointed brevity of really persuasive and memorable copy. The wonder is that given those conditions the standard should be so high. Unquestionably also the doctrine that truth is more persuasive than fiction has gained wide acceptance. The guile required of the copy-writer is not the guile of misrepresentation, but of tact and the able marshaling of arguments.

It is not an easy art. The simple persuasive sentences, briefly and attractively setting forth the virtues of this or that with just the correct gusto, neither underdone nor overdone, glowing with enthusiasm but not consuming itself, beaming with friendly invitation but not undue familiarity, have, as like as not, been sweated out of a chaos of words and thoughts, with that tireless capacity for taking pains which Goethe associated with genius. Some copy may happen, like art according to Whistler. It may come easily and be, as the saying is, dashed off. But this is exceptional. Macaulay admitted in a letter to Macvey Napier that there was not a sentence in his essay on Bacon, one of the most readable and delightful in that famous series, which had not been repeatedly recast. So it is with most good copy. The copy-writer, more even than the essayist because of the prescribed conditions,

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must recast and rewrite, reduce and eliminate, until his message has been distilled into its final essence of irreducible words. 'For in truth all art,' as Walter Pater said, 'does but consist in the removal of surplusage, to the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust.' Such blowing away of the last particle of dust so that nothing inessential to the appeal of the words shall remain, is the final task of the copy-writer, who must enter into the minds of others with the knowledge of a psychologist and the imagination of an actor, and wield a pen with the subtlety of a diplomatist and the skill of a man of letters.

II

THERE have always been slogans. Doubtless primitive man used them, for the word itself, though it is acquiring such a pronounced modern atmosphere, is one of the most ancient in our vocabulary. It derives from two Gaelic words which together mean the outcry of a host; and the original compound word, *sluagh-ghairm*, was the Highland term for a war-cry. But the word has acquired a wider meaning. It is now applied to any short and crisp phrase which may be repeated *ad libitum* as an interjectionary aid to almost anything — war, business, politics, or as current copper coin in the ordinary life of the streets. A slogan, as the root-words suggest, is a rallying point — a shout of attention. It still survives at some of the public schools and universities of England and America.

But from early times the slogan has been seriously applied to affairs, often deriving from the saying of a great man. Such a slogan was the *delenda est Carthago* (Carthage must be destroyed) of Cato the Elder at the conclusion of Rome's struggle with Carthage (146 B.C.). Slogans were also not unknown in the Middle Ages. Speaking of the Peasants' Revolt of 1377–1381 against the landowning classes, Green in his History says, 'Quaint rimes passed through the country and served as summons to the revolt.' Such 'quaint rimes' were essentially slogans. Perhaps the most famous was John Ball's 'When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?' It will be remembered that this slogan was effectively revived by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain during his earlier Radical days. When the English calendar was corrected in 1751 by the dropping of eleven days, opposition was aroused by the idea that eleven days' wages were being lost, and 'Give us back our eleven days' became a popular slogan. Nearer our own times, Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' affords an instance of a slogan that took a great hold upon popular fancy. 'Scotland forever' and 'Erin go bragh' are two examples of the national slogan. Political slogans are innumerable. The French Revolution produced 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' The Reform Bill of 1832 was responsible for two: 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,' and 'To stop the Duke, go for gold,' an exhortation with which London was placarded with the object of bringing about a run on the banks in order to prevent the Duke of Wellington from forming a government. Other famous examples from quite modern times are Disraeli's 'Peace with Honor' after the Berlin Conference, Mr. Jesse Collings's 'Three acres and a cow,' and the vindictive 'A vote given to the Liberals is a vote given to the Boers,'

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at the Khaki General Election of 1900. 'Your food will cost you more,' and 'Ninepence for fourpence' may be recalled from everyone's memory.

The war, again, awakened a whole battery of slogans. 'Your King and Country Need You' and 'Eat Less Bread' will long mark those exciting days. The Salvation Army fights under the sombre words 'Blood and Fire!' and the Boy Scouts manœuvre under 'Be prepared!'; while 'Safety First!' has given its name to a useful movement in this age of speed.

Thus it is evident that the slogan, with its endless applications, is an ever-recurring note in human life. Nothing in the whole science of publicity comes so aptly or naturally to advertising. In an appeal for a wide popular approval it is necessary to reduce the argument to its lowest common denominator. There is no better way of achieving this desirable end than by the use of a slogan. The appeal or announcement must be 'pemmicanized' into a command, a broad hint or a statement. The group-soul is primitive, and it responds to the primitive. But geniality and good humor are essential. Humor is permissible but too much wit is dangerous. Even a misstatement is allowable so long as it is humorous and not calculated to deceive. 'The Watch that made the Dollar Famous' is an example of this allowable kind of misstatement.

Some advertising slogans which are no more than bald and apparently dull statements of fact have done good service, which proves that mere cleverness is not essential to this art. But when you analyze some of the best of these you will find that their success is due to a sense of psychological values rather than to phraseology. A good example is the famous 'Matchless for the Complexion.' This is a plain statement, but its proved value lies in the fact that it makes an emphatic claim to produce a thing which most women (and men too!) desire. Hence, and not from any literary cleverness, comes its success as a soap-seller.

There is, on the other hand, the slogan of an insecticide, 'Spare the spray and spoil the fruit.' This is a wittily inverted proverb. As such it is something more than a plain statement. Both of these slogans are good of their different kinds, but neither is as good as such familiar brevities as 'Touches the spot,' 'Zog it off' (for a paint-cleaner), 'Best in the long run' (for a motor tire), 'Ask the man who owns one' (for a motor car) and 'That's the spirit' (for a motor fuel).

The slogan, more than any other instrument of advertisement, gathers impetus by repetition. It is the business of a slogan to get itself repeated. Very inferior slogans go on being used presumably because they have acquired goodwill by usage. To describe the ingredients of a slogan we are driven to employ one. Slogans must be 'Brief, bright, and brotherly.'

The perfect slogan is a phrase and not necessarily a sentence. It must be quickly read; the ideal is one phrase of from three to six words; it must carry its message instantly without further argument, and it must impress itself on the memory. All this looks easy — but it is not so easy as it looks. There is no such thing as an art of slogan construction. A good slogan may come upon anyone at any moment. Slogans are born, not made. Many a man has been visited by a good slogan, as by an angel, unawares. Most slogans have to rely upon costly repetition for their upkeep — they are made, not born. A good many of them deserve to be 'born again and born different.'

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WORLD PRODUCTION: 1913–1923

BY 'BORIS'

From *Die Rote Fahne, June 26*
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

A comparison of the figures of world production in 1913 and 1923 shows both a decided quantitative increase, and a remarkable technical advance during that period. The output of 'white coal,' as we now term hydro-electric power, has risen 500 per cent; that of petroleum, 279 per cent; and that of coal, 104 per cent. Translated into terms of service to society, the increase is much greater than these figures indicate. In the meantime the use of lignite, turf, and other hitherto neglected fuels has grown exceedingly. Still more important is the fact that we now obtain far more energy from a ton of fuel than we did ten years ago. Combustion at high temperatures and under high pressures, the use of powdered coal and gas, and new methods of converting heat into electricity have all contributed to this result. Indeed, the successful utilization of lignite as an energy-producer is largely due to these last improvements; it is also being converted on a practical scale into paraffin oils, quite similar to petroleum. We are getting more energy from petroleum itself than we did ten years ago, because we now convert fifty per cent of it into gasoline, instead of twenty per cent as at the earlier date.

These technical advances explain why world production has been so largely increased with a relatively small addition to fuel-consumption.

During the past decade manufacturing and mining have gained in relative importance at the expense of agriculture. Metallurgical and power-generating industries have now risen to undisputed supremacy. Moreover, fuel-mining and hydroelectric power generation have grown faster than the output of metals. A shifting has also occurred within the power-generating industries. Before the war, coal was the principal fuel, followed by petroleum. White coal was negligible. The figures we have quoted show that the output of white coal has increased fivefold, that of petroleum has grown less than threefold, and that of coal has little more than doubled. They suggest that petroleum has already won the battle over coal, and hydro-electric power is rapidly asserting its supremacy over petroleum.

Nor has the relative standing of different branches of the metallurgical industry been more stable. Iron and steel have lost ground compared with the group represented by aluminum, copper, zinc, lead, and tin. Within the iron and steel industry, steel has outstripped iron. Before the war the world's output of steel was less than its output of iron; to-day it exceeds the latter by eight million tons. Within the second group aluminum has made the most rapid progress, increasing its output 171 per cent as compared with 115 per cent for copper. Meanwhile the production of zinc, lead, and tin has fallen off slightly.

Remarkable progress has been made in the development of transportation. The number of airplanes has multiplied more than tenfold. The world's merchant-marine has increased 36.5 per

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cent. Motor vessels are displacing steam vessels and petroleum has rapidly outstripped coal upon the sea. The number of automobiles is twelve times what it was in 1914. The railway mileage of the world has also grown rapidly. But here a new shifting of transportation methods is already observable; for the automobile is taking traffic away from the railroads. We are at the dawn of an era of air transportation.

The multiplicity of manufactured products makes it impossible to deal with each group in detail; we can only note a general expansion of output in nearly every field. This is particularly true of electrical and chemical works. The German chemical industry, unquestionably the first in the world before the war, must now yield first place to that of the United States.

The world now produces of the six most important grains — wheat, rice, rye, barley, oats, and maize — omitting Russia, more than 426 million tons, as compared with less then 344 million tons before the war. This represents an increase of twenty-seven per cent. Before the war wheat was the most important crop. To-day the rice crop, which has risen during the interval eighty per cent, holds that position. We should note, however, that the consumption of animal foods has increased faster than the consumption of vegetable foods, and that in the latter class grain has yielded ground to other vegetable products. The growing consumption of fruits and nuts and substances extracted from them — coconuts, dates, bananas, sago, sugar, and jam — helps to explain this change in the human dietary. It also accounts for the fact that Europe is losing ground as a food-producer compared with the tropics. The world's sugar-output has risen twenty-five per cent. Before the war, this came mostly from beets. To-day cane sugar supplies more than half the world's consumption — another instance of the decline of Europe compared with the subtropical and tropical countries. The tea crop has risen 177 per cent. This goes into the scale in favor of Asia. The production of cacao has risen seventy-seven per cent; that of coffee but sixteen per cent. On the whole, it is obvious that the world-wide agrarian crisis is not due to underproduction, but to overproduction.

Turning to textile fabrics, the cotton crop was less in 1923 than in 1913; the world's wool clipped has risen unappreciably. On the other hand, more natural silk is raised than formerly, and the output of artificial silk has risen 470 per cent. The decline in the cotton crop is due to temporary causes; and the world is using far more cotton annually than it did ten years ago.

Yet in a general way, natural and artificial silk are gaining ground at the cost of cotton and wool. This is due to the extension of silk raising in the Orient and the expansion of the artificial-silk industry in the West. In the same way that synthetic dyes have displaced natural dyes, synthetic textile materials promise to displace natural textile fibres. Indeed the fate of flax and linen is sealed. The number of cotton spindles has increased nearly fifteen million during the decade, and much of the new machinery has been installed in Oriental countries. Notwithstanding this, the textile industry has lost ground rapidly relatively to the world's total manufacturing effort.

Two new industries that are largely the children of the past decade deserve to be mentioned: the manufacturing of films and of wireless and radio apparatus.

The changing rank of different branches of production and of different

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lines of industry within those branches has been paralleled during this period by equally marked changes in the geography of production. Before the war Western Europe was the centre of world production. To-day that centre has moved to the United States, which produced in 1923 more than half of the most important commodities that the world uses; petroleum, pig iron, steel, copper, zinc, automobiles, corn; and nearly half the world's output of coal, lead, and certain other commodities. The industrialization of Canada, South Africa, Australia, India, South America, and China, has contributed to this shifting of the earth's economic centre of gravity. More than three fourths of the wealth annually created is produced by the two Anglo-Saxon nations, the United States and Great Britain, with their dependencies. Politically, as well as financially and mechanically, production constantly becomes more highly centralized.

INDUSTRIAL SKETCHES IN GERMANY

BY DOCTOR ERICH WULF

[*Several paragraphs in this series of articles have been summarized.*]

From *Berliner Tageblatt, June* 21, 25, 28, *July* 7
(LIBERAL DAILY)

CHEMNITZ, the industrial centre of Saxony, is one of the most important manufacturing cities of Germany, and until the recent crisis its wares were exported to all parts of the globe. The city and the surrounding district employ more than 300,000 operatives, or well toward one third of all those in Saxony. Its principal branches of manufacture are textiles and machinery. The district contains in round numbers 1400 textile mills, and 250 machine shops and engineering works. Clusters of towering factory chimneys rise from every part of the city. Beneath their smoke-crowned summits ordinary buildings cower like shrubbery in a mighty forest. A broad girdle of newer factories surrounds the city proper, extending here and there into the Erzgebirge. I rode for two hours in an automobile through this suburban district, and covered scarcely half of its circumference.

Chemnitz is exclusively a manufacturing town; outside of its industries it possesses practically nothing of cultural significance. Tall warehouses, filled with finished goods and raw materials, greet the newcomer. Hotel lobbies are filled with sample-trunks, and the guests discuss but one theme — business. The city possesses a museum, with a fairly good building but poor collections. The municipal library is about the worst in Germany. There is a theatre that sometimes presents a passable opera. The shops sell only such goods as factory workers buy. Social contrasts are very marked, and

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the wealthy are shrewd enough to keep as much as possible out of the public eye. They reside in country houses in the more retired part of the Erzgebirge or at Dresden, and seek the refinements of life chiefly in the Saxon capital.

The present crisis began to make itself felt in Chemnitz about Easter. Those first affected were the home workers, who received no commissions from their employers and were forced to go from factory to factory seeking regular jobs. They had little success, for factory managers already saw the day drawing near when they must either curtail operations or shut down entirely. Few new orders were coming in, and many old orders were being cancelled. Several establishments, including the Chemnitzer Werke with 8000 employees, went on short time the first of July.

Employers feel keenly the scarcity of money and credit. One manufacturer showed me a letter from a customer who, after being dunned several times for a bill of eight hundred marks, remitted 33.50 marks, with the excuse that he could not make collections from his own customers, most of whom were small agriculturists. Many factories that usually collect by correspondence are sending personal representatives to call on their debtors, but where thousands of marks are due they are lucky to get a few hundred. Even the most substantial firms experience great difficulty in procuring ready money to meet their weekly pay rolls.

Urgent need of foreign credit, and hope of obtaining it as soon as the Reparations question is settled, explain the attitude of Saxon industrialists toward the Dawes Report. Some bitter opponents of the Report have been down here agitating against it, but their appeals made no impression. A great majority of the responsible business men are opposed to an unconditional rejection of the Report, feeling that such action would precipitate Germany into a business crisis the consequences of which can hardly be measured. Manufacturers are ready to make sacrifices; on the other hand, most of them oppose an unqualified acceptance, and wish to ensure conditions that guarantee the survival of their industries. Since Chemnitz is an interior point, freight rates play an important part in its prosperity. Its manufacturers have been able to compete with their rivals elsewhere because the railways have been operated not as private undertakings but as public services — that is, with certain rate-discriminations. If Germany should relinquish the right to regulate her railway rates, Saxony's industries might be strangled.

Unfortunately, in discussing these questions with leading manufacturers, I have seldom met a man with a constructive policy. There is a general disposition to blame the workingmen and taxes for all their ills, as if these alone were responsible for the present difficulties. Doubtless the operatives have not been giving full service in return for their wages; but I was assured by impartial, responsible employers that in this respect conditions are far better than they were a year ago. The return to the nine-hour day was made without incident. When we consider that many operatives employed in Chemnitz live far from the city, and have to rise at four o'clock in the morning in order to reach their place of employment at seven o'clock that they must repeat this long and weary journey by rail and foot again each night; and that their wages are only twenty-five or thirty marks a week, we may well ask if a much larger output can be expected from them It is excellent evidence of how low

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German wages really are, that Switzerland now sends most of her voiles and muslins to Saxony to be finished, and finds that this pays, in spite of the high cost of transportation.

We must admit that taxes are a heavy burden. According to an estimate made by the Weavers' Association of Central and West Saxony, sales taxes on plain cotton plush, which passes through relatively few hands in the process of manufacture, amount to 7.63 per cent of the price of the goods to the wholesaler. In case of many other fabrics they rise to ten per cent. Other taxes bring the total burden under this item up to 14.5 per cent of the selling-price of goods. Before the war this total was only 0.73 per cent.

Formerly the United States was the principal market for Saxony's textiles, but America has now built up, behind her high tariff walls, an industry of her own. The Americans easily provided themselves with machinery, but for a time they lacked the century-old skill and traditions of the Saxon operatives. Yet they soon overcame even this disadvantage. During our inflation period they imported no less than six thousand of our most highly skilled weavers, together with their families and canary birds. Regular offices were established at Chemnitz to secure the pick of our operatives for positions as experts and superintendents in the United States. Since the war other countries, especially Italy, Spain, the Balkan States, and Scandinavia, have bought large quantities of German textile machinery, and there is no doubt that they will soon become our competitors.

Manufacturers in countries that are free to control their own legislation and foreign policy can appeal to their governments to help them win new markets. German manufacturers no longer have this recourse. The only way in which they can retain and extend their markets abroad is by improving the quality of their goods. The most promising field is not the production of staple fabrics, but of high-priced specialties.

We have an illustration of this fact in the present condition of the Plauen embroidery and lace industry. Before the war its total annual product varied in value from 120 million to 150 million marks, of which one third was exported. To-day this ancient manufacture is practically extinct, and those formerly engaged in it are making high-priced embroidered garments, especially women's lingerie. To be sure, Plauen has sixteen or twenty important curtain factories, and weaves large quantities of tulle and madras, but its laces and embroideries were what made it famous. How is the decline of so well established a manufacture to be explained? Merely by this: it was not artistically progressive. Of course, there was progress in a purely mechanical sense. Patterns and designs inherited from the painstaking handworkers of an earlier era were made by wholesale with machinery. The so-called 'real' laces of old times were copied with more or less modification. But when all the libraries and museums and other repositories of ancient art-work had been ransacked and there was nothing more left to copy, the industry languished. And very wisely the present effort to revive it centres chiefly in an effort to encourage an artistic renaissance among designers.

Since the war the United States and Switzerland have made heavy inroads into the world's chemical market, which Germany previously controlled. America has the advantage of unlimited funds for scientific research. Switzerland has become our strongest

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rival upon the continent. One of the largest chemical works at Ludwigshafen, which formerly exported seventy per cent of the dyes it manufactured, ships only thirty per cent abroad today. While identical conditions may not prevail in every branch of the chemical industry, this instance is fairly typical. Only the more costly specialties now find an outlet abroad. Prices do not seem to be the determining factor in the export trade. Some chemicals cost more in Germany than abroad; but prices of many commodities are falling, in some cases even below the pre-war level. Nitrogen sells for twenty-five per cent less than anywhere else in the world, or than at any previous period. That is due to the improvements perfected by the Badische Anilin und-Soda Fabrik. Notwithstanding the depression, chemical works are running at approximately full capacity, partly because they cannot curtail production as easily as other industries. They employ about ninety per cent as many operatives as before the war. Managers are reluctant to suspend workers, or to put them on part time, for fear they will be enticed away by competitors in other countries.

Leaders in the chemical industry on the Main, like Saxon textile-mill owners and machine-builders, look forward to the acceptance of the Dawes Report as the only thing that will end the present crisis. They are even more unanimous and emphatic than their Saxon brethren in asserting that the Report must be accepted — of course after securing every possible concession. That opinion is expressed without reserve by large employers who are equally outspoken Nationalists and Conservatives. They consider the burdens imposed upon Germany by the Report almost intolerable, but believe that a period of repose is imperative for our industrial recovery, and that the only way to get it is by doing our utmost to satisfy the Dawes demands. If any conditions thus imposed on us are impossible of fulfillment, let it be proved by hard facts, not by noisy argument.

ALSACE UNDER THE TRICOLOR

BY BAIRD DENNISON

From the *Outlook, July* 12
(London Semi-Radical Weekly)

A recently elected deputy to the French Chamber for one of the two Alsatian Departments has announced his intention of addressing that august body in German, for the simple and cogent reason that he knows no other language. This startling declaration by M. Charles Huber — in Alsace they write his Christian name as Karl and give the *u* in his surname the benefit c an umlaut — may possibly cause som of those credulous and complacer people in this country who remai persuaded that Alsace is, and alway has been, both linguistically and racia ly, as much a part of France as Nortl umberland is of England — perhap too, a few sanguine French patrio

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who have never left their own country — to pause and wonder. If these stout 'Old Believers' in the divine inspiration and equity of the Treaty of Versailles have tenacious enough memories they may recall, further, that President Wilson originally intended Alsace and Lorraine to have, like Schleswig, Upper Silesia, and other doubtful regions, the benefit of a plebiscite to decide their own destiny in accordance with that magniloquent and academically unassailable doctrine of the Self-Determination of Peoples. Perhaps it would be asking too much of human powers of recollection to suggest that anyone should still remember that this, the most important of all the plebiscites invoked by the Peace Treaties, somehow or other never took place. M. Georges Clemenceau was good enough to save the Supreme Council the trouble by announcing that Alsace had already 'had' its plebiscite, and there was an end of the matter. But Alsace, though it is not German, is still less French. It is, like bilingual Luxemburg, a survival of the old Burgundian Middle Kingdom.

There are some wonderful pictures in the Strassburg Museum: a museum subtly designed to give the impression that the siege of 1870 was the only really memorable incident in the history of the old Imperial city. These pictures, the gift of an 'ever-grateful,' and, for allegorical purposes at least, half-nude feminine Republic, to the 'faithful and ever-French' city, depict this plebiscite of the Alsatian heart in scenes of such frenzied rejoicing and riotous carnival as to seem almost too good to be true. The Strassburgers, a chivalrous people, are careful to pay just tribute to the notable part in this *jour de gloire* played by the thousands of disinterestedly patriotic day-trippers who from all parts of France, garlanded with the *tricolore* and vocal with one continuous Marseillaise, poured into the Cathedral Square to coöperate in the mighty shout of acclaim which enabled the 'Tiger' to make that deathless revindication of the Fourteen Points to the British and American generals at his side. Perhaps M. Huber's first speech to the Chamber may be considered as an answer.

That immortal November twenty-second has provided the new name for the principal shopping street of the city. Here the *Gebrüder* have metamorphosed themselves into *Frères*, the *Aktiengesellschaften* have become euphonious *Sociétés Anonymes*, each *Modegeschäft* or *Damenwarenhaus* an *Au Bon Goût* or an *À La Petit Parisienne*. But it is still easy to decipher the original German signs and titles from the nail marks and window-scorings. Even the letter boxes have neat little enamel plates, bearing the rather superfluous inscription, *Boîte-aux-Lettres*, to cover, fig-leafwise, the obscenity of a cast-iron German eagle. The letter boxes of Alsace are indeed remarkable, in that they are almost the only ones in all France which can be found without the services of a local guide or a house-to-house exploration. Fortunes must have been made in the enameled-plate industry. Each street has had to be provided with its name reduplicated in a French translation, the hundred-and-one things it was forbidden to do in German railway carriages to be replaced by the still more confused and Draconian edicts embodied in the *Règlements de Police* of the new French administration, to give but two instances. Sometimes the results are rather droll, as in a somnolent village lane where above the name *Winkelgasse* can be read, as the appropriate French rendering, *Rue de l'Angle*.

Among the many unnecessary gadgets, fussy notices, and awful warnings

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of prohibition conspicuous in German trains in former times was a neat little wooden box with a glass cover placed in the corridor containing an axe and a saw, 'in case of accidents.' The rolling-stock of the Alsace-Lorraine railways is the same as before the war, re-lettered, resanctified, and occasionally repainted for the use of French citizens. In the corridor trains these little German tool-boxes persist. Only now they are empty, and a notice of singular reassurance for nervous passengers apprehensive of imprisonment in a telescoped carriage informs the inquiring that, in cases of actual emergency, axe and saw can be had on application to the guard — at his discretion.

The moustaches of the *agents de ville*, the municipal police, are trained to grow in the spreading French military manner, where once they humbly imitated the truculence of an imperial model, with the aid of a celluoid apparatus, worn at night, known as '*Es ist erreicht!*' and recommended to all male Hohenzollern patriots. Men who once wore the German *Vollbart* and shrink from the clean-shaven state have trimmed their beards to a Gallic point, or even reduced their hirsute pride to the puny compass of an imperial. There was something curious and troubling about the appearance of a restaurant manager who advised me as to the choice of *un tout petit déjeuner*, and was clearly more accustomed to make suggestions for the heaviest of *Mittagessen*. I realized at length that it was only that his iron-gray hair, which for decades had been shaved to the skull, had now been allowed to grow to the luxuriant length enabling it to be brushed back from the forehead like Georges Carpentier. But when I asked him for some dark beer he answered, 'There is no dark beer in Strassburg *now* — only light.' Dark beer is apparently as much under a political taboo as German cuisine, which vanished with the *Speisekarte*.

Outside the station is a great square where the tram routes converge — *Tramways de Strasbourg* now, once *Strassenbahnen der Stadt Strassburg i/El* — planted with chestnut trees, dull, pompous, and German, but pleasantly shady. It is said that M. Alapetite, High Commissioner for the Republic in the *Pays Libérés*, when first he beheld it, announced that the trees must forthwith be cut down, so that, in consonance with the best Centralist tradition, this provincial Place de la Gare should be made as close an imitation as possible of the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Indeed, it seems the necessary orders were duly given, but, owing to ingenious forms of inconspicuous obstruction, in which the Alsatians ever excelled, have never been carried out. In compensation some beautiful trees flanking a stately eighteenth-century building in the Place du Broglie, now used as an officers' club, have been ruthlessly truncated. It was necessary that Messieurs les Officiers should be able to contemplate *les petites femmes qui passent* from the ground-floor windows. Stendhal noted what he termed the French national hatred of trees nearly a century ago, but he would probably have regarded this excuse as a perfectly valid one.

The gendarmerie, recruited from the interior of France, is everywhere in evidence, as though to supplement and stiffen the imperfectly acquired insouciance of the municipal police, who seem a trifle self-conscious, in their kepis and a not yet quite familiar uniform. In Saverne, the little town in the Vosges, once notorious for the Zabern affair, the quota of the local German police was raised to eleven in the latter stages of the war, owing

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to the notorious disaffection and tenaciously pro-French sentiments of its two thousand inhabitants. As a fitting tribute to its martyrdom under the German yoke it now enjoys the services of thirty-seven stalwarts of the Gendarmerie Nationale, and, till recently, the number was considerably greater. The *bleu d'horizon* uniform in the street is in pleasant contrast to the *Pickelhauben* and *flache Mützen* of what the Alsatians guardedly refer to as the old days. The French troops, many of whom it is curious to hear speaking German, or at least a dialect of it, as their native language, are very smart, courteous, and well-behaved. So great is their number that even the plethora of German barracks does not suffice to contain them, and new ones are being built. French students in their sloppy velvet caps pass, coming from the now 'redeemed' university where once Goethe studied. Ten years ago I remember seeing German students pass the same way with their rather bloated but honorably lacerated faces and all the grotesque heavy-dragoon trappings of the *Korps-Verbindungen.* The improvement, in externals at least, is enormous and undeniable. And, curiously enough, it is most conspicuous in the matter of headdress. Officers, police, postmen, and tram-conductors are all humanized by the kepi. The rakish, dark-blue Chasseur-Alpin, Pyrenean-shepherd cap has ousted the hard, round, semi-military disk for the schoolboys. Among the women, though the picturesque Alsatian headgear survives, the hat of the German Hausfrau, that reproach among women and inexhaustible gold-mine of the caricaturist, has vanished utterly. Berlin no longer delivers the goods.

Over the Kehl Bridge, which leads across the Rhine to Baden, crows a golden and ultrabellicose little Gallic cock, surfeited with pride at having overcome the Prussian feathered Goliath.

On most of the public buildings the French have succeeded in carving out the Imperial eagle and carving in the soberer emblem of the Republic. But the Prefecture, the old *Regierungsgebäude,* defies all efforts at Gallicization. Nothing but high explosive could tame the German exuberance of this 1880 nightmare in sandstone. Eagles, crowns, coats-of-arms, and again more eagles, other crowns, and yet more shields, drip from its ponderous cornice and cavernous tympanum like cream poured over a fantastic blancmange. But from the porch flutters the tricolor, vivid and out of place as a mannequin in a sumptuously funereal Sunday School.

There are times when one can hardly believe that Alsace is really in France again after all. Whole hours go by with nothing to make one aware of the change. But then there is always the Douane as a gentle reminder to day-dreamers that *La France reste la France,* and that Alsace, the long-lost daughter, has been gathered back to the superb bosom of the Mère Patrie. Crossing into Switzerland with only a handbag, I opened it for the inspection of a melancholy young French official. While yet the chalk of absolution hovered in mid-air in one hand he turned over a sheaf of regulations with the other. Then, even as he motioned me to pass as one definitely cleared from suspicion of being a smuggler, he asked, tonelessly as a sullen child repeating a copybook maxim by rote: 'You have no aromatic plants to declare?'

No, the war is not just a disordered dream, the new maps do not lie; Alsace *is* in France.

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ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. I

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

[The author, a young German ethnologist, has been studying the wild tribes of Swaziland since the war by living in their midst, much as Vilhjalmur Stefansson has among the Eskimos. The following sketches are a by-product of this experience.]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, July* 5, 8, 10, 12
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

I spent much time creeping through serpent-infested thickets in my efforts to watch the bush-dwelling natives unobserved. Every now and then I found myself face to face with one of these unpleasant neighbors — a brown adder, coiled upon the ground, apparently passive but intensely alert, or a green tree serpent, half obscured in the foliage, and in either case merging more or less completely with its environing colors. They were never more than three or four feet long, or thicker than a child's arm, but they could dart their poison fangs like lightning, or spit venom with unerring aim from a metre's distance into a person's eyes. The first meant death; the second probable blindness.

But though I had many meetings of this kind, I never found these snakes disposed to attack me so long as I gave them any chance to escape. The green tree serpents would ascend quickly to the highest branches until they were completely hidden by the denser foliage, and the brownish land snakes would vanish into one of the numerous holes that dotted the entire country. Only when I surprised them — so close that they felt threatened — did they draw back their heads to strike before attempting flight. On such occasions a single indiscreet movement would have brought lightning retaliation. I invariably stood rigid and motionless, as if cast from bronze, and never, no matter how close our encounter was, did the serpent fail eventually to lower its head reassured, and slip silently away. Although I often had to exercise tremendous self-command in such emergencies, it was the only thing to do, and I have no doubt that I owe my life to this procedure.

Once or twice my escape was very narrow. One evening when I was rising from a crouching posture, I placed my left hand on a neighboring branch, and instantly felt the sharp prick of a serpent's fang in the ball of my thumb. I shook the thing off with a shriek of terror, but saw as it darted away that it was a particularly venomous tree serpent. Fortunately I was prepared for such an emergency. Snatching out my knife, I instantly cut away the flesh from around the bite, and put a tourniquet around my arm. Then I drank all the spirits in my field flask. Thanks to these prompt measures, the consequences, though disagreeable, were not serious. A second experience very similar to this occurred when I was walking incautiously through the woods, and noticed just too late that I was about to step upon the smooth, shiny body of a snake. A broad head darted out of the grass and struck me furiously in the calf. With a quick blow of my cane I stunned my assail-

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ant, and as my foot crushed its head, I saw that it was a puff adder. These are especially dangerous because they move too indolently to avoid being trodden upon.

I wore glasses to protect my eyes from these serpents; and fortunately enough as it proved, for the very first time I ventured into a thick piece of undergrowth a snake shot its venom against them. It was a yellowish, viscous substance, so powerful that a tiny droplet that chanced to strike the vicinity of my eyes as I hastily removed the glasses caused a violent inflammation. I had an even worse experience on another occasion. As I was entering my tent after a little excursion, without my glasses, I heard a familiar hiss, and as I sprang back, saw that a serpent was coiled around the rear post of the tent. Seizing a long bamboo pole, I thrust it through the front flap of the tent and tried to strike the intruder on the head. At the same moment, however, it spat its venom, and again a minute particle actually reached my eyes. I recoiled with a scream of pain that brought my black boy instantly to the spot. He hastily got a bag of water and it was only after an hour's constant bathing that I began to feel reassured that my sight might not be permanently impaired.

My most thrilling experience, however, occurred one day when I was creeping rather carelessly through a dense thicket. A gray serpent's head suddenly lifted itself directly under my nose. I felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump back, but true to my practice, remained rigidly motionless. The snake slowly thrust its head closer to my face. I felt my strength deserting me, and it took the utmost command of will to keep from shrinking back or trembling. Finally the snake paused only two or three handsbreadths from my face. I felt that I was about to faint, and summoned my last reserves of resolution to stare back steadily at the malicious, sparkling eyes of my horrible vis-à-vis. We both remained motionless in this position, eye to eye, for quite a time, while I steadfastly resisted an almost irrepressible impulse to strike the serpent on the head. Eventually the snake turned and glided sinuously away through the thicket. The moment it was gone I relaxed, weak from exhaustion, and lay flat for a long period before I recovered strength enough to rise.

Several times I saw serpents capture their prey. Once I lay stretched out along the broad limb of a great fig tree, under whose leafy canopy a flock of birds was twittering. I watched their brilliant plumage and graceful, unconscious movements with intense pleasure. A blue tomtit sat for some time chirping upon a branch immediately below me. Suddenly a green snake's head rose from beneath the branch. As soon as the little bird saw it, its wings sank limply by its side, and it disappeared in the snake's distended jaws without making any effort to escape. Another time I was crouching at the corner of a little clearing when I heard a rustling in the neighboring thicket, and a rat sprang out running on three legs and dragging a puff adder a yard long on the fourth. The puff adder had swallowed the leg up to the hip, but the rat was still strong enough to drag its captor after it, although the serpent twisted and coiled violently. The doomed animal struggled across the clearing, but just as it was about to enter the thicket beyond, it was seized with a death chill. Obviously the adder's venom was having its effect. Giving a little screech of terror, the rat sank down motionless. The snake strengthened its hold, partially winding itself around a clump of grass. For a moment or two

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the rat's limbs quivered violently, until with a final shudder they were still. Thereupon the serpent crept leisurely backward, dragging the rat with it, and disappeared in the thicket from which they had emerged.

On another occasion, as I was creeping along the ground, I came from behind upon a brown-and-gold patterned adder swallowing a white frog, one of the kind that lives on certain white-stemmed shrubbery. Apparently it had seized the frog from behind, for as the latter disappeared the front paws, which were the last to vanish into the engulfing jaws, waved like two tiny, appealing, human hands.

I often saw a number of snakes together — once a whole cluster of little adders wound up into a ball and moving slowly through a thicket, their tiny tongue-darting heads emerging from the mass the while. On another occasion I saw two big green adders playing upon a thick limb, now darting with feigned fury at each other, now approaching with a queer, caressing movement. At another time I saw two serpents twisting furiously along through the woods, holding a rat by either end in their wide-spread jaws, and lashing the ground wildly while each attempted to tear the prey from the other.

I witnessed an unusual snake mobilization one evening at a place where I had just burned over a thicket which I knew was infested with them. It was bright moonlight, and as I stood at the edge of the burned-over area I could see that it contained a multitude of holes. Almost immediately the whole place was alive. A snake raised its head out of this hole, another out of that one, only to draw it quickly back as soon as it discovered that the familiar thicket had disappeared. Little by little, however, the tenants of the holes reappeared, raising their heads higher and surveying the surrounding ashes with obvious astonishment and distrust. Finally one by one they ventured forth, wriggled confusedly in different directions, as if trying to locate the terrain, and every now and then ran into each other. Finally they seemed to reconcile themselves to the sudden change in the landscape, and dispersed into the neighboring shrubbery on their nightly search for prey.

One noon as I was sauntering along a trail a serpent suddenly darted out of the shrubbery on one side, and glided rapidly down the path ahead of me to a clearing where the grass was very short. Apparently greatly terrified, it tried to hide in one hole, then in another, but each time quickly withdrew its head and hastened on. I saw it was a brown earth-adder of remarkable size. Usually these snakes are not more than a yard long; this one was to all appearances quite twice that length, and was clearly too large for an ordinary hole. Finally, however, it succeeded in its quest and, arching high, vanished into the earth. When I reached the point where it disappeared, I discovered that it had taken refuge in a deserted ant hill that was a perfect network of holes and tunnels.

Upon returning to the village, I asked the blacks if they had ever seen a poison adder of such length. They said no with loud exclamations of astonishment. One of them, with a high opinion of his sharpness, surmised I had been dreaming, but another — a fellow of exceptional experience and authority — declared: 'It may have been just an unusually big one, for now and then you meet a poison snake almost as large as a little python.'

Upon cross-questioning this man, I discovered that he was unusually well informed about snakes. To my inquiry regarding pythons he replied: 'They are found a day's journey from here in the

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mountains, and usually have their dens on the sunny side of steep declivities. Most of them average once and a half to twice the length of a man, and have a brilliant yellow, green, and gray patterned skin. They feed on small game. Deeper in the mountains there are still larger pythons, easily fifteen or twenty feet long. They eat only large game, and will sometimes attack adult men. They can swallow the largest man with their fearful jaws.'

A week later I visited these mountains in company with this black man, to whom I had promised a reward if he would show me pythons in their native haunts. We had climbed around the declivities for a whole afternoon without finding more than a couple of faint trails, and were stalking along discouraged through the forest toward a little marshy basin in the hills, that was covered with tall grass, when the black stopped abruptly with an excited gesture. Examining the ground closely, he pointed toward a few crushed stalks of grass. 'A python did that,' he said. He continued his minute inspection of the trail, closely examined the neighboring shrubbery, and finally turning to me added: 'There was a fight between a python and a buck over there.'

Thereupon he interpreted the signs for me, explaining each act of the forest tragedy in its proper order: At sunrise a buck came here. Perhaps the python saw him from that cliff; perhaps he was lying in ambush here in the trees. In any case, he darted out of that thicket and wound himself like lightning around the animal's hind quarters. But he did not make a good tackle. He did not crush the animal's ribs. So the buck was able to make several springs — to that bush there, past this tree, but could not shake off the serpent. The latter wound itself partly around the tree and checked the buck so suddenly that he fell. He still struggled violently, but the python cast two more coils around him and crushed him to death.' By this time we were standing where the struggle occurred, and could see clearly in the grass where the thrashing legs of the buck had torn the ground.

The black scanned the neighboring thicket closely, and after a moment's reflection, pointed to the ground and said: 'The snake swallowed the buck here, and then went toward that cliff to digest it in a sunny place. It is easy to catch them when they are digesting their prey.'

Thereupon he preceded me through the bushes, keeping his eye intently on the ground, and following, to my astonishment, a trail that I should never in the world have detected. At the foot of the cliff he left me, stole away silently among the boulders, and soon returned, his face beaming with joy.

I must now follow him with my gun ready to fire, while he cautioned me earnestly not to make the slightest noise. At length he motioned me to look cautiously around a bush, and there lay the snake in a compact coil as big as a wagon wheel. I could not trace the coils clearly enough to tell which end was the head and which the tail, though it was easy enough to discern a shapeless, thick swelling, apparently the tomb of the swallowed buck.

After a time I imagined I could make out the head, and silently raising my gun, fired. Just then, however, the real head shot up from quite a different place, while the coils seethed in great arches beneath its angry, yawning jaws. But I was ready for a second shot, and just as the huge serpent caught sight of us behind the bush and lowered its broad, hissing head

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with a sort of undercut swing for attack, I let him have a charge of heavy buckshot directly into the open throat. The head, blown to fragments, fell backwards, the arching coils sank limply to the ground, and a slight undulating quiver passed through the whole body. I had the black man skin the python for me, and during the process we uncovered its morning prey, which was a full-grown springbok about the size of an average deer.

CHUTANAYTA

BY FAUSTO BURGOS

[*The* Puna *is the native word for the Andean highlands of Bolivia and Peru, and also for the* soroche, *or distressing mountain-sickness that often seizes strangers in these lofty altitudes.*]

From *Nosotros, May*
(Buenos Aires Literary and Political Review)

I SPREAD my saddle blankets on the yellow sand of a dry river-bed, made a pillow of my saddle, and lay down to rest. It was late afternoon. A sharp wind was blowing from the Puna. Before closing my eyes I stared at the trail, the long, rugged trail that zigzagged and undulated from one height to another in a continuous succession of steep ascents and descents. I had traveled such trails many times on a mountain mule, but had always met upon them muleteers and shepherds, and women on foot, spinning as they walked. The honey-like fragrance of the blossoms of the mountain *chigua* was wafted to me as I fell asleep and began to dream of my borax mines.

'A ton of borax costs me forty pesos at Abra-Pampa. Carriage to Buenos Aires does not exceed forty-five pesos. I shall sell it at 180 a ton. I shall buy trucks to haul it; a burro carries fifty kilos, a llama only twenty-five. Within a year I shall have made 15,000 pesos. . . .'

An inner voice, perhaps the still, small voice of conscience, whispered timidly, as if not to awaken me: 'Carlos, you are enriching yourself by the labor of the poor. Not long ago Sajama froze to death. Do you remember? You were going early, very early, in the morning to count the number of sacks of borax that the miners had filled the day before. On the trail you stumbled over a mound covered with snow. What did you think? Poor Sajama! You recognized him when you rolled him over with your foot. Sajama still held his miner's drill clutched in his hand.'

I was conscious of answering slowly 'It is true,' and I seemed to see again Sajama's livid face and his brown calloused, rigid hands. I seemed to see him stretched on the white snow, his mouth half open, his glassy eyes half closed.

'You pay them a peso a day. Only a peso! The poor fellows toil all day long with the pick, the sledge, the drill sometimes in the snow with the mercury twenty degrees below zero, while you doze comfortably, wrapped in your

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blankets. They go hungry. You have abundant fare. They huddle around a smoky fire, munching their coarse and scanty rations, and chew coca to fight their fatigue and keep out the biting chill. Do you remember Chutanayta, the llama-driver?'

I tried to wake up at the vision of Chutanayta's bloody face.

'You beat Chutanayta, and then set fire to the rush-thatch of his hut.'

I was conscious of answering again: 'It 's true.'

'Chutanayta was unwilling to pack borax from your mines with his llamas because you paid him only twelve pesos a ton, and instead of money gave him store chits — to carry a ton of borax clear to Abra-Pampa, Chutanayta and his forty black llamas!'

Again Chutanayta's bloody face rose before my eyes.

'You beat him — was he a slave? — seeing that he made no move to pick up a stone to load his shepherd's sling; and, blind with wrath, you set fire to the roof of his hut. La Collaguaima, his wife, and her children fled up the mountain.'

I repeated mechanically: 'It 's true.'

'And later you met him when you least expected it, on a narrow and treacherous trail that climbed higher and higher. You saw him coming behind his pack of llamas. When he passed and recognized you he lowered his eyes, he looked at the ground, he did not stare you in the face, and the black llamas of his pack turned their heads away.'

I was silent. Or was it perhaps the still, small voice of conscience? I was vaguely aware of approaching sounds. I roused myself. What was it? Who was approaching my rough traveler's couch? A warm breath touched my cheek. What! The proud, black llamas of Chutanayta, with the red-woolen tassels in their ears, stared at me curiously as they passed. The sun was just sinking behind the jagged summits of Orus-Mayu as the llamas passed out of sight behind the clumps of dry reeds that bordered the now arid river-bed. I saw the long procession wind away and recalled poor Chutanayta — Chutanayta the llamero, who was not willing to freight the borax from my mines.

Weary, cold, and hungry, I made my way toward a rude stone hut built in a gloomy nook of the yellow mountain. Dismounting I tied my horse to a stunted *quenua*, and knocked at the door. No one answered. Standing in the middle of the yard I gazed up at the purple, snow-capped summits of the encircling peaks. Dusk was gathering when Collaguaima, the shepherdess, appeared coming down the shrub-bordered trail. The moment she saw me she turned to run back up the mountain.

'Collaguaima, come here,' I called. 'I 'm hungry and cold and tired.'

Did she answer: Die then in this desert, where there is nothing to eat but thistles, where the eagles will sweep down, pick out your eyes, and rend your corpse?

'Collaguaima, come here, come here!'

I heard the cry of her baby that she was carrying on her hip. She paused a moment. 'Don't you know me, Collaguaima? I 'm Don Carlos, Chutanayta's old *patrón*.'

La Collaguaima muttered something between her teeth.

'I 'm tired out; I 'm cold and hungry. It 's two days since I left Orus-Mayu. I mistook the road and am lost. I don't know how I found your cabin. Don't you remember Don Carlos de Castro?'

'Don Carlos. Yes, sir.'

'Ah, you remember! I am the man who set fire to your cabin.'

She looked at me sadly, so sadly —

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she, the poor shepherd woman. Here I was begging shelter of her in a remote valley near the peak of Ari-tucum.

'Collaguaima, I 'm hungry and cold.'

'There 's nothing but a little coca, sir.'

'And spirits?'

'One finger in the bottom of the flask.'

'No provisions?'

'None, sir.'

'How 's that? Is n't Chutanayta working? Aren't you weaving any *barracán* and *picote?*'

'We work, sir, but corn is dear and our young llamas don't bring anything.'

'We plant much corn down in Humahuaca, enough to fill eight houses as big as yours with ears — all well filled out.'

'That 's a lot.' Collaguaima's eyes grew big. She had never seen a real field of corn. When they sow corn up in the Puna, the cold kills the plants before they ear out.

'Yes, it 's a lot. We fill twenty granaries with it every season.'

She dropped her eyes, meditated a moment, then taking a handful of coca from her *chuspita*, put it in my hand.

'Are you all alone?'

'Chutanayta 's coming.'

'Soon?'

'He 'll travel all night.'

'Did he go to Cketa?'

'To Abra-Pampa.'

'I shall have to stay here to-night at your house. Have you an extra bed?'

'No, sir.' She pointed to the adobe bench where they slept. 'You can spread your saddlecloths there, sir.'

'And you and the children?'

'We 'll sit up for Chutanayta. He 'll be traveling all night.'

I lay down. The *puna* [mountain sickness] seemed to clutch my heart. As soon as I closed my eyes the vision of Chutanayta's bleeding face again rose before me.

By the side of a big jar in the corner sat Kererinka, the rum-seller, Chutanayta, the llamero, and Kolke, Tarky, and Cachisumpi next to a tub of reddish, muddy *chica*. Chutanayta had already sold the skins of his young llamas, Kolke his load of salt, Tarky his rolls of llama wool, and Cachisumpi, the Cokanis, his two nets of little peaches from Tojo.

'Come, brother, a litre to wet our throats.'

Kererinka brought a litre of chica.

'You don't know where the Commissioner went?'

Kolke looked frightened. Tarky said, 'I come from a long ways from here.'

'But you have sheep, have n't you?'

'I have.'

'Many?'

'A few.'

'They 'll take them away from you.'

Cachisumpi, the Cokanis, looked down at his mustache and muttered to himself: 'I 'll hurry on to La Quiaca and cross the border.'

'He came on the train yesterday with a sergeant and two soldiers. What did he come for?'

Chutanayta answered: 'To take what we 've got.'

'What sort of a chap is he, comrade? A lowlander?'

'A lowlander. He 's a blond — a white, fat fellow.'

'I 'll hustle my llamas off to Susques.'

'That 's a long ways.'

'I shan't let that fellow get them.'

'They say he comes to make us pay the rent.'

Tarky broke in: 'I paid my rent to Don José, and I gave him a third of my llamas, and I worked twenty days for him without pay.'

Chutanayta said, 'He 'll deny it to your face.'

The friends started down the sandy street of Abra-Pampa and stumbled

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upon the Commissioner in a provision store.

'Hello, how are you boys? Where did you come from? I want to talk with you a minute. I 'm Don Roberto Jámez, the Commissioner. Did you know I came in on yesterday's train? You knew it, eh? And that 's why you came to talk with me — to tell me how things are going with you, and to arrange to pay your rent. . . . '

The poor fellows did n't know what to say, and hung their heads.

Don Roberto continued: 'Are you afraid of me?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, let's talk like friends. I shan't let you get around me. The fellow who owns five hundred sheep must tell me that he owns five hundred.'

'We are poor, sir,' replied Chutanayta.

'Poor! I wish I had the sheep and the llamas you have.'

'I have only forty pack-llamas.'

'And I fifty little sheep,' added Tarky.

'Little sheep? You mean sheep, don't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How many kilos of wool a year from each sheep?'

'They give a kilo and a half here, sir,' said Chutanayta.

'A kilo and a half! Incredible! Down in my country a fleece gives six kilos. Why don't you buy good stock?'

Chutanayta explained: 'Here in the Puna the lowland sheep starve to death, sir.'

'And the pastures?'

'The *colchar* has dried up.'

'Yes?'

'The *peludilla*, too, has dried up.'

'And is n't there anything else?'

'The *esporal* has frozen and the *chillagua* was frost-bitten, sir.'

'And there is nothing else?'

'The *iro* is too hard for lowland sheep, sir. Our little native sheep of the Puna eat everything: *yareta cieneguera*, *tola*, and *canglia*.'

'And stones, too?' asked Don Roberto sarcastically.

'*Quién sabe, señor?*' replied Chutanayta placidly. 'I never saw them eat stones.'

'Your horses are the same. I never see anything but scrubs up here.'

'Lowland horses die, sir.'

'Starve?'

'Because of the puna, sir. No one can raise colts here, the puna kills them.'

'And the burros — does the puna affect them?'

'No, sir.'

'And you?'

'No, not a bit.'

'That 's evident. You chew coca all day and drink ninety-five per cent alcohol. What I can't understand is why you are so lazy. Why don't you plant corn?'

'Corn won't grow at this altitude,' said Chutanayta. 'It won't head out; the wind and cold prevent it. The only thing that grows here is *quínoa*, and we plant that.'

'How much rent do you pay?'

'I pay one hundred and fifty pesos a year,' said Tarky, 'and give a third of my llamas.'

'How much land do you rent?'

'A tract four squares wide and two leagues long.'

'And you are discontented?'

'They 're trying to make him pay two hundred pesos now,' explained Chutanayta, 'and to give half of his llamas and pay a grass fee.'

'Grass fee?'

'If the llamas get into the next pastures he must pay for what they eat. Young llamas won't stay in a pasture like sheep. They range widely when they are hungry. Why don't they put up barbed-wire fences?'

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'Any owner can do so if he wants to,' explained Don Roberto.

'My friends here don't want to pay the grass tax.'

'I don't know, I don't know.'

'And they force us to work for them twenty days a year without paying us a centavo.'

'But slavery 's been abolished.'

'That may be, sir.'

'Yes, it has been abolished. You ought not to work unless you 're paid for it.'

'They force us to by flogging us. Aye, aye! Don Isidoro has a heavy lash and he lays it on hard to fellows who won't work for nothing.'

'Have n't you got fists?'

'He 's got a revolver and two rifles,' said Chutanayta. 'I 've had bosses who beat me, but now I 've driven my llamas up into the mountains. Now I 've got no boss.'

'No?'

'No, sir.'

'How do you make out?'

'I live away up in the mountains. I 've built a little stone house with a straw-thatched roof there, and don't pay rent.'

'You have to pay it.'

'No one owns the mountains up there, sir.'

'All that is government property. You 'll have to pay rent.'

'We 've got nothing to pay with, sir. If you don't let us stay there, we 'll go farther up, farther up, clear up into the clouds.'

Cachisumpi, the Cokanis, set out for La Quiaca with his two empty nets at his saddlebow; Kolke took himself off again to the salt wells of Casabindo; Tarky, the shepherd, stayed at Abra-Pampa. Chutanayta selected a narrow llama-trail to return home by. Like his friends, he went on foot. The sun was already high when he left, but he kept on without stopping until he reached a little water hole at the foot of a high cliff. There he drank his fill and started on again. When night came he stopped by the side of the precipitous trail and immediately fell asleep. In his sleep he saw his tiny stone hut with its reed thatch, his pack of llamas, his rude, handmade loom, and Collaguaima with his little ones waiting for him as she spun and spun; from time to time she gazed up the mountain with her big, black, pensive eyes, as if looking for him. Chutanayta said to himself: 'When I get there and tell her that we 've got to go up still higher, clear up to where the clouds lie, she 'll lose her appetite and stop sleeping nights, and wander about all day behind the llamas spinning and talking to herself.'

I saw him, and the fear of death seized me. Would he drop a stone into his shepherd's sling and finish me once for all? I tried to raise myself so as to sit up on the adobe bench, but I could not do so. I lay helpless, flat on my back with the puna.

'Don Carlos is sick,' said Collaguiama.

He did not ask how I had come there. I stammered: 'Chutanayta, I am Don Carlos. I treated you badly. I beat you because I was a brute. Now you find me here in your house, stretched on your bed, unable to move. It will be quite right if you throw me out, and leave me there on the mountain for the eagles to sweep down and pick out my eyes and to rend my corpse.'

Chutanayta seated himself by my side. A moment later I felt the soothing warmth of his brown hand on my cold brow.

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FINLAND'S LAST RUNE-SINGER

BY C. T. H.

[The author is a Swedish journalist who made a tour of Finland last spring. The Kalevala, *the Finnish epic, is a collection of more than three hundred thousand legends and proverbs, which were collected and published in* 1835 *by Professor Elias Lönnrot. The characteristic metre was chosen by Longfellow for his 'Song of Hiawatha.']*

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, June* 21
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

It was in the city of Sordavala on the banks of Lake Ladoga that the pleasant Professor T. Lehtinen told me about the old Karelian rune-singers, who until the last decade kept the heathen poetry of their country alive on their lips. Now only one of them remains, Onoila, who is ninety-two years old.

'You ought to see him,' said Lehtinen, stroking his goatee thoughtfully. 'He is the last of the real ones. In the distant villages there may be a few hidden who still remember what they learned from their elders in their youth, but since the death of Peedri Shemeikka, Onoila is the only singer left who is of any importance. If you want to hear a Kalevala song as it sounded far back in the dim and misty past, this is your last chance. Onoila is old and feeble. His voice will soon be extinguished.'

All this made me eager to see Onoila and the amiable Professor noticed it.

'Alone you could not find him!' he said with a distressed expression. 'He lives 'way up in the Suistamo parish. But I 'll make the trip with you. We shall start to-morrow and I 'll prepare for our arrival by telephone. We 'll have to take the day by the beak. The train for Matkaselka starts at five. *Hyvä asti!*'

The next morning was bright and cold as I crossed the long narrow wooden bridge which leads to Sordavala station. On the slopes toward the Ladoga the hyacinths were drinking in the cold sunlight, small and frail, but lovely to see. The northern air was clear and transparent. In the gray shades of the roadway and houses were mixed the cool lights of the early morning.

Nowadays the railroad cuts through parishes and neighborhoods that formerly were completely isolated. This means a hastening of the extinction of the old Karelian culture. There is not much left, to be sure, for the old forest divinities fear the locomotive, and yet the country is as primæval as you could wish. The farther north you go, the more meagre does the landscape become.

At Matkaselka we had to change trains. In the station, which seemed connected with nothing in particular, we found boiled eggs and buttered sour rye-bread with cold boiled pork. Hungry from our morning ride, we fell upon these things, and a couple of glasses of hot tea gave us a fine glow. Everything tasted strange and foreign. There were big grains of salt in the salt shaker. A few Fennia cigarettes seemed natural after such a breakfast. We felt really fine.

My good friend Lehtinen had been one of the land appraisers for the new

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railways, some of which, like the line upon which we were about to continue our journey, owed their construction to German initiative during the war and to their strategic importance; and he had also traveled in this country as a hunter and in other ways, so that he could speak with the authority of four years' acquaintance.

He told me the story of the rune-singer, Peedri Shemeikka, now deceased. Like so many of the Greek-Catholic Karelians of the frontier, he was a very tall man, even taller than Onoila. More sensitive to the change from his wild, wooded home-surroundings, he could not, like Onoila, make trips to the cities. Shemeikka, Onoila, and Lösönen, an equally famous *kantele* singer, had all been invited to come to Helsingfors to have their songs recorded by eager enthusiasts of folklore. I believe they went several times, but Shemeikka, who felt ill at ease amid so much attention, fell sick and died.

One evening shortly before, he had been invited to a private house and, being asked to sing his songs to the accompaniment of the kantele, took up the instrument and made an unsuccessful attempt. He hung up the instrument and in the impressive tones of the Kalevala bards said: '*Kalman kintahat jo kässissä* (Death's skin-mittens are already on).'

Presently he tried again and, as his stiff hands grasped the strings which would not respond, he exclaimed: —

'*Sovintoon saamatta kielet jäivät* (To harmony I could no longer set the strings).'

Onoila, on the contrary, endured both travel and the city life and now after these experiences he lives in peace with a daughter in the still unaltered parish of Suistamo. After our change of trains we now approach this region. The railroad runs eastward and the forested sandy moors have made construction easy. A few cultivated patches and a few peasant huts, gray as the forest moss, break now and then the monotony of the wilderness. It is a country which even the Finlander of the West finds strange, distant, and wild. In the railroad coaches there are queer people, and when the train stops, as it frequently does, an odd *ramse* song sounds from the cars — a melody without beginning and without end, words and music from another world.

Here is the Suistamo station, simple but adequate, with plenty of room for sunshine and switchyards. The trip has taken four hours and we are glad to be here at last. The air is the intoxicating air of the mountains. In a few minutes the old man Onoila appears.

The inn has its 'bathhouse,' like all other homesteads, and is itself surrounded by birches in a pleasant manner. Without loss of time we enter the guestroom — a living-room with a typical Karelian interior of a late type. In the corners and between the windows are potted plants, in the centre of the room hardly anything, but here and there a few factory-made chairs painted red-mahogany and put cornerwise, and on the walls embroidered mottoes and colored pages from the Christmas magazines. On the floor carpets, chiefly homemade.

In such surroundings I was introduced to Onoila. His hands were very cold. He had prinked up a bit for the trip, but the room did not fit him, even though the walls showed the bare logs with moss stuffed between them. Lehtinen talked with Onoila in his native Finnish. I suppose he gave him a hint of what kind of *Ruotsi* man it was who had come to disturb his feeble days. He was like those *Helsinki* (Helsingfors) people who wrote and were inquisitive and who wanted Onoila to sit as a model.

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He was still tall, this Onoila. One could see what strength he had once possessed, but now his height had shrunk with his ninety-two years and he was no longer the man he had been. In his eyes was a dull blind light. His pupils looked into another world.

ONOILA

Then he sat down and began to sing his runes, without fuss and without caring much about the surroundings.

He was an apparition from the heathen times. The venerable voice had in it something of a tone and color that made me shiver. Nothing more touching could a Northerner hear than this rhythm which monotonously rose to a wealth of feeling, this strong, clear touch of originality in every syllable, this language which swept forward from the mist of antiquity and ran past with all the original sounds and calls and peculiar intonations, reëchoing a vivid, dizzily distant past. All this merged into a continuous shiver — a physical sensation.

Onoila was singing a variation of the Kalevala motif. There are many such variations, gathered in different districts. These differences are the natural consequences of the verbal transmissions of the original poetry from fathers and mothers to sons and daughters, during the day's work or before the evening fire. In recent times and yet far back, this beautiful heathen poetry has had its texture still further softened and still more highly colored through the admixture of Greek-Catholic myths and motifs across the Russian border. As a literary composition the Kalevala has not suffered.

But of all that Onoila knows less than I, sitting there so ignorant and attentive. He keeps on a long, long time and does not appear to tire. Then he stops abruptly, wipes his mouth, and says something in an everyday tone to Lehtinen.

It sounded queer, that break, a drop down into reality with the speaker sitting under the banal, embroidered Scripture-motto on the wall. Through the Professor, who was master of ceremonies, I asked old Onoila to sing about the birth of Wäinämöinen, which he did.

> Old and faithful Wäinämöinen
> Wanders in his mother's bosom,
> Lingers there for thirty summers,
> During winters just as many;
> On the Ocean's peaceful waters,
> On its fog-enveloped billows,
> Meditates and reconsiders
> How it used to seem to dwell there
> In that dark and gloomy burrow. . . .

Where Onoila began and where he ended I do not know. Then his strength failed him. He was an old, old man, undoubtedly the last to carry Wäinämöinen in his soul, even if indistinctly, like a fairy island in Lake Ladoga, swept by the fogs from the distant tundras.

For two hours the old rune-singer gave us his remarkable company. Then we went away, never to see him again.

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REMINISCENCES OF SARDOU

BY ROBERT DE FLERS

[M. Robert de Flers is a distinguished French dramatist and journalist who holds the office of president of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques. He is a member of the Academy and literary editor of Figaro. *Two years ago, after a violent quarrel on the staff, M. de Flers left this newspaper to join* Le Gaulois, *but the difficulties were soon adjusted and the critic-dramatist returned to his original paper.]*

From *Figaro, May* 31
(French Radical-Party Daily)

Though he had known so many people and seen so many things, though he had lived through so much, and though he had written ninety plays of which half at least are famous, Victorien Sardou displayed no trace of haughtiness, no skepticism, no fatigue, and no hint of the blasé. He worked and thought and talked cheerfully — indeed, he talked most of the time.

No conversational powers were quite so dazzling, quite so prodigious as Sardou's, for, knowing himself peerless in this art, he gave himself freely to it. One had to be careful not to interrupt him, for the venturesome soul who dared do so was sure to receive instantly a terrible glance full in the face. Nothing hindered Sardou's verve. When he was at table he could talk and eat at the same time, and only one difficulty troubled him: what could he do to keep some inconsiderate person or other from breaking into the conversation when he stopped to take a drink? To escape this peril, Sardou invented a little plan of his own: while with one hand he lifted the glass to his lips, he kept the conversation going with his wildly stretched forth right hand, so that, having slaked his thirst, he could calmly take up the story at the point where he had left it.

As a conversationalist, Sardou had one very curious quality: he required no starting. His wit kindled itself, so to speak, without need of any other person to provide flint for his steel. I remember having myself, upon one occasion, presented to him an extremely agreeable chap, a distinguished business-man who, although quite ignorant of literature and the theatre, wished to make the dramatist's acquaintance. Sardou asked what his business was. The visitor replied that he managed a silk factory. Instantly Sardou launched forth upon a discourse, marvelously documented, on silkworms and the proper way to raise them. From that he passed to fashions, then to gowns, then to the crinoline, which gave him a perfect transition to the Second Empire as a new topic. At the end of an hour he graciously bade farewell to my unfortunate friend, who had not so much as opened his mouth and who feared he had produced a very bad impression. Nothing of the sort. Sardou soon remarked to me in his quiet way: 'Well, I 've met your friend and like him very much. He 's a charming talker.'

Yet in all this there was no pride, no pompousness. It was not for himself Sardou asked — and, if necessary, demanded — attention. He asked it for the person about whom he happened to be talking. Sardou was, or he became,

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that person, and it was this gift of incarnating himself in others, of living through their feelings, their thoughts, actions, and emotions, that made him so successful as a dramatic author.

Suppose you mentioned Louis XI to him. Without the least thought of being theatrical, he hunched up his body, dropped his chin into the palm of his hand, and pulled his cap down over his eyes. He might have been waiting for Oliver the Barber. If the conversation turned upon Napoleon III he would assume instinctively the slow and absent-minded walk of the Emperor. He became whatever he wished to become, and would instantly discover the characteristic gesture, the one particular attitude that brought back to life the person mentioned. Time did not exist for him. He had the gift of bringing himself close to people and to things. Everything he read, everything that he studied passed before his eyes as he read and studied; and he loved or hated kings and princes and great writers dead for centuries, as people love or hate their closest friends and bitterest enemies. He would bubble over with summary judgments of them, which were usually fair and accurate in spite of their downright bluntness.

His two great favorites were Louis XIV and Napoleon, with neither of whom he ever had the heart to find fault, since they realized to the full his own twin dreams of magnificence and authority. Even in their blunders they expressed their epochs too perfectly not to deserve Sardou's good-will, and after all, great masters of stage effect owe these little courtesies to one another. Charles X he declared was nothing but 'a filthy louse' and Catherine de Medici was 'a first-class shrew.' Henry IV amused him, but the anecdote about every Frenchman's having a fowl in his pot on Sunday infuriated him and he would cry: —

'Even in those early days that story has a flavor of universal suffrage about it. Thanks to such sentences and such stories people finally hit on the absurd idea of having deputies. All this fuss and feathers to be able to say that you are one of the electors!'

Molière was the great love and the great admiration of his life. He used to say: 'He is the only man of genius who had good sense.'

He delighted in Molière's life, at once disturbed and sorrowful. 'He knew how to suffer without bothering other people,' Sardou used to say, and he would weep as he spoke of Molière's death. He had a keen taste for Montaigne, whom he called 'Montagne.' As for Boileau, he declared, 'He is so tiresome that he is funny,' and he used to call him 'the man who stopped the round dance.' Jean Jacques Rousseau was one of his favorite aversions. Sardou called him 'a kind of rural poseur who pretended to enjoy himself in the country when he really wanted to bore the people in Paris.' And he used to add: 'Sapristi! When you are a Swiss, the only thing to do is to stay Swiss.'

Robespierre was a nightmare to him. Woe to the man who spoke calmly of 'The Incorruptible' in Sardou's hearing, though there was a single occasion when this was done without releasing his wrath. It is true that this was a long time ago, that it was a woman who did it, and finally that the woman was the widow of Lebas, the member of the Convention, whom Sardou met when he was fifteen years old in a small playground for little boys and girls, run by Madame de Boismont in the rue d'Enfer.

'I arrived late,' Sardou used to say as he told the story, 'there was no little girl to dance with, and just one more partner was needed to make a quadrille. Over on a bench I saw a lady dressed in black, rather old but with a

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youthful look about her, and, greatly daring, I ran to ask her to dance. "Oh," said she smiling, "I have n't danced for a long time!" I insisted. The mistress of the house came over: "Yes, yes, please do, just among ourselves you know, these poor children!" And the lady ended by consenting on condition that I should teach her the figures. After the dance, while she was asking kindly questions about my study and my teachers and my school, I asked Madame de Boismont who this good lady might be. "She is the mother of Philippe Lebas of the Institute, the widow of the member of the Convention." At that time I was deep in Thiers's book on the Revolution, and I cried out: "The one who killed himself!" Madame de Boismont repeated the exclamation to Madame Lebas, who beckoned me to come and sit beside her. I went, delighted at the thought that I had taught dance steps to this widow of the month of Thermidor. Of course Madame Lebas talked to me about Thiers, the Revolution, and Robespierre, and when she saw that I was at best lukewarm toward her hero she did not fail to observe that he was "much slandered by his enemies." I can repeat her words exactly. I still hear them: "Oh, of course, you would have loved him. He was so good and so fond of children." Just then someone came up, broke the conversation, and I have never seen my old dancing partner since.'

Sardou used to describe these confidences with much interest and a great deal of bottled-up wrath, but soon after telling this anecdote he would take his revenge by drawing a portrait of Robespierre which was remarkable for its vividness and vigor.

'Which Robespierre did Madame Lebas know?' he would cry. 'She knew Robespierre at home — paternal, happy to be adulated and flattered, almost tender toward Eleonore and his sisters, sober, austere, chaste, speaking only in fine sentences and proverbs. She knew the man who on winter evenings would recite scenes from Racine or hum the romance that Buonarotti had been playing on the clavecin. She knew the man who would toss sous to little Savoyards in the Champs Élysées on summer evenings or take his dog Brount to bathe in the Seine, or who on picnics at Saint-Ouen or Montmorency would pick cherries in the orchards for his little friends or gather cornflowers in the fields. With the passage of time the picture of the great man had been idolized in the mind of good Madame Lebas to the point where she saw him as a fine character. His cat's head with its bulging, pock-marked cheeks, his bilious complexion, his green, red-encircled eyes behind the blue spectacles, his harsh voice, his dry way of speaking, pedantic, bullying, crushing, his carriage of the head, his convulsive gestures — all this had vanished and been melted down and transformed into the gentle figure of an apostle, a martyr to his faith in the salvation of man. Ah, how right Taine was in saying that Robespierre was still making dupes a hundred years after his death!'

Sardou was always cordiality itself to young people who came to ask advice or counsel. He knew how to put them at their ease with a charming grace. How many manuscripts he had read and edited! But he also felt that the thing he chiefly owed to his colleagues was frankness, and he never spared them that.

A new writer, famous to-day, once sent him an historical play in three acts asking him to look it over. 'Surely!' said Sardou. 'Come for it day after tomorrow.' For not only was he willing to help, but he was willing to help speedily, almost on the instant. The author came at the appointed time.

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'Here is your manuscript,' said Sardou. 'I have penciled in my observations. You can look them over at home.'

Much interested and very anxious, the visitor did not prolong the interview. As soon as he was outside, he fumbled over the pages of his first act, and with consternation read on the margin such observations as these: 'Obscure. Useless. I don't understand. What good does this do? Too long. Muddy. Said before.' And suddenly, at the top of one sheet he beheld the inscription: 'This is the point at which the last spectator will decamp if he has not already done so.'

Sardou, to be sure, did not like to give pain, but just as his goodness was never slow to appear in his most terrible anger, so his sincerity often interfered with the adroit courtesy which his good-will inspired. It is a kind of miracle that so much finesse should be combined with so much spontaneity.

Least of all did Sardou take questions of the stage lightly. To understand how great a man of the theatre he was, one must have seen him hustle his interpreters, flatter and bully them, electrify them with his own ardor and mettle, one must have seen him urging on the crowd which shrieks before the tribune of Theodora in the circus or watched him send the two parties of Guelphs and Ghibellines crashing against one another, or unchain a mob of the people to stop a cart on its way to the guillotine and snatch away its victims. He was here, there, and everywhere, bounding about, putting fire into the dullest inertia — and yet all this was far more than a mere play to him. It was not a question of success, of producing an effect. No, all this was something real, reality itself, and it seemed as if his very life were bound up in dragging down Justinian or making himself master of Sienna. Woe to the man who, when Sardou was at his highest pitch, fairly trembling with the reality of his writings, happened to remind him that it was nothing but fiction after all.

Legend — for legends live in the theatre, where nothing seems to be either wholly true or wholly false — legend has it that one day, when he was rehearsing *Le Roi Carotte* at La Gaîté, a pantomime for which Offenbach had written music, a luckless individual coming to apply for seats lost his way and appeared unexpectedly on the stage in the midst of the rehearsal. Sardou was at that very moment arranging the ballet of carrots and turnips and was with extraordinary vigor selecting dancers to impersonate the two kinds of vegetables. The intruder found himself caught up in the throng and fell, startled and dismayed, into the hands of Sardou himself, who demanded: 'Now, then, are you a carrot or a turnip?'

'Mais, Monsieur —'

'Don't "Mais Monsieur" me! Which are you: carrot or turnip?'

'Permit me, sir —'

'I *don't* permit you! Are you a carrot?'

'No!'

'Then are you a turnip?'

'Certainly not!'

'Sacredieu, you must be either a carrot or a turnip! You have to be one or the other!'

'But you are mistaken —'

'Mistaken!' howled Sardou. 'I mistaken! Get out! Get out! Get out of here!'

And the unfortunate man was collared by the supers, tumbled across the stage, and pushed out of the door — the story adds that he went crazy. But there is no compulsion about believing this, for theatrical people have a way of their own of attaching very considerable consequences to very trifling incidents.

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In spite of the ardor and the vigor which he devoted to his plays, Victorien Sardou never let the theatre absorb all his activities or all his ambition. It is remarkable that he, who was perhaps the most fruitful and varied literary talent of the nineteenth century, was able to free himself so completely from habitual faults of dramatic writing. It is almost possible to say, without paradox, that his dramatic work, considerable though it was, had only a relatively small place in his life. It seems to me that this is very fine and very noble, the mark of a superior nature to whom the chief thing in the past as in the present was life itself.

Life! To give life to all that one says and all that one thinks, all that one writes! This was the peculiar genius of Victorien Sardou.

Before I close this *causerie*, I should like to give a charming and touching proof of this marvelous gift. Sardou's children, who were then quite young, used to go with him on his walks. They had always heard their father talk about Louis XIV as if he were some distinguished neighbor, and had heard him say, 'Louis XIV thought this,' or 'Louis XIV did that.' One day the little people were walking in the forest of Marly with Sardou and Philippe Gille, who had come as a visitor. 'There were some beautiful elms here,' said Sardou suddenly to Gille, 'which were cut down when Louis XIV died.'

Twilight fell and the wanderers returned. As they were sitting down to dinner, the children failed to appear. Someone was sent to find them, but they declared with sobs that they did not want any dinner. Asked why they were crying, they replied: 'Because Louis XIV is dead.'

This delightful incident, it seems to me, is perhaps the greatest dramatic success that Victorien Sardou ever had.

COLLECTING FACES

BY HERMINE CLOETER

From *Neue Freie Presse, May* 13
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

In August 1804, the waters of the Danube bore a remarkable consignment on the long journey from Ulm to the imperial city of Vienna: twenty-seven carefully locked chests, weighing in all no less than three and a half tons and containing the life work of one of the most remarkable and most famous men of the eighteenth century. It was the so-called 'physiognomic cabinet' of Johann Kaspar Lavater.

In *Dichtung und Wahrheit* Goethe has given us a vivid comprehension of the force and vigor emanating from this man's personality, and he has also — though with less sympathetic insight — expressed the problematic element in his nature when he introduces him into the Walpurgisnacht in the first part of *Faust* as the crane who tries to fish in both clear and troubled waters. In the interval between the salty proverbs that Goethe places in his mouth and the calm estimate of his worth which he

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gives to the friends of his youth in his story of his life, there are also numerous hasty impressions of the 'prophet' in his correspondence with Charlotte von Stein, who had an enthusiasm — characteristically youthful in its lack of restraint — for the honored man which eventually ended in a complete break between them. At any rate Lavater, who wielded so much influence over human hearts, led Goethe during one of the decisive decades of his life into an enterprise from which they mutually profited. Here was a man who wished to make a science of that study of the human soul to which the poet felt himself irresistibly led, a man who believed that through the countenances of men he could penetrate to their innermost souls.

Lavater, who was an Evangelical priest in Zurich, was, by virtue of his calling, a searcher of souls. The task, which his priesthood demanded, of looking deep into the hearts of men, became a genuine passion for which remarkable innate gifts fitted him in an extraordinary degree, so that it was only natural that he should fall into the blunder of trying to make a science out of his great talent for studying faces. In his younger years as a priest he was often under the necessity of gathering in a special collection box at the hands of the faithful, money for the church and for the poor. He soon developed a special interest in the close observation of people's hands and the way they held them as they let their gold-pieces drop into the collection box, and he tried to picture each time the whole personality of the giver without looking at him, from the mere observation of the hand and the way it was held — what Goethe so truly and beautifully calls its 'mien.'

His hobby eventually led him to take the external appearances of men as the mirror of their inward lives and to study them as such. Although in the beginning he tried to read character only in the living faces of men, he soon felt a desire to estimate characters by the more or less artistic reproduction of nature in portraits. He had men who seemed to him significant, either for their own personalities or for what they had accomplished, drawn in pictures, sketches, color, or even in simple silhouette, for the purpose of his study of physiognomy. After he reached his seventieth year, Lavater pushed his collection on and on, calling the whole world to his aid. One after another, artists of every kind were commissioned to send him portraits of people who seemed to them worthy of note in any way — reproductions of the outer man. Lavater would then in every case add a spiritual portrait, a portrait of the soul, usually in hexameter, writing whatever he thought he had discovered from the features of the subject. As time passed, he accumulated a voluminous collection in twenty-eight portfolios, which represented twenty thousand specimens, audible portraits, speaking character pictures, soul studies of great men known and unknown.

When the literary part of his notebooks appeared as *Physiognomische Fragmente*, it threw the intellectual world into turmoil, creating passionate supporters and correspondingly bitter opponents. At his death Lavater's portfolio was full of portraits and constituted the sole asset worth mentioning for his heirs, to counterbalance debts amounting to thirty thousand guldens.

When he died in the beginning of the year 1801, after a long illness, as the result of a bullet wound inflicted by a drunken French soldier when the French evacuated Zurich, his family found themselves compelled to offer his portrait collection, the so-called *physiognomisches Kabinett*, for sale. Friends

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and relatives of the Lavaters drew the attention of Moritz, Reichsgraf von Fries — the collector and art-patron, who, as a banker and great merchant, was well supplied with the means — to this opportunity of making a good purchase. A short time before, when on his wedding journey, he had visited the wonderful Zuricher in his home, had inspected the collection, and had shown the liveliest interest, so that he now readily consented, and acquired the collection for the twenty-five thousand guldens which the family asked. By such means the collection came to Vienna, but it did not long remain in the possession of the von Fries family.

After the startling failure of the von Fries banking house in 1826, the Lavater portfolios, together with all the art treasures of the family, were put up at auction. They were broken up into twenty-six sections with a net price of four hundred guldens for auction purposes, since no one ventured to hope that there would be purchasers for it as a whole. Nevertheless such a purchaser was found — none other than the Emperor himself.

Kaiser Franz, — among all the contradictory characters in the Hapsburg line one of the most contradictory and most perplexing, — who suppressed intellectuals and displayed bitter hostility to culture, was nevertheless privately a devoted book-lover. The catalogue of his personal library, which was left in trust to the Imperial family, shows that clearly, and it is not remarkable that the Lavater collection should have aroused his special interest. Indeed it is very easy to understand. Must not the idea of physiognomic science, the thought that it was possible to determine the character of men through their outer appearance, have been especially attractive and of great importance to a ruler? It was not in vain that the Duchess Anna Amalie von Weimar once wrote to Goethe's friend, Merck, with regard to Lavater: 'If I were a great queen, Lavater should be my Prime Minister.' The mighty ones of this earth always have the desire, and very often have possessed the gift, of looking into the inner life of men. Their power itself rests definitely on their capacity to see through other people, and here was an attempt to make a system of this art. What wonder then that the Kaiser was enthusiastic over the purchase of Lavater's collection? He commissioned his librarian and private secretary, Hofrat Young, to make the purchase.

The collection, which is to-day one of the valuable portions of the trust library of the Imperial family, fell in the course of years into confusion, and to-day it is, as a whole, in wild disorder, but the skillful hand of Dr. Rudolf Payer has made a selection from it, which is now being published in two portfolios of ideal reproductions by the Amalthea-Verlag.

Dr. Eduard Castle has undertaken the literary and historical introduction. The first portfolio, which appeared last year, introduces us with word and picture to Lavater and his circle, while the second portfolio is devoted to Goethe and his circle. Although these two portfolios represent naturally only a small part of the entire collection, the originals are superbly reproduced, and they give such a valuable insight and outlook that everyone will be exceedingly loath to close them if he has once taken the trouble to examine the introductory text with its numerous suggestive hints. The editor also emphasizes in his introduction the fact that our own time, with its strong interest in meta- and para-psychological appearances, is far closer to Lavater's world of ideas than the century which has closed.

A peep into his physiognomic col

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lection will enable us to see and understand better the man who devoted his life to it, and who in doing so gave, unawares, the most striking expression to his own personality. Throughout his life he strove with might and main to depict human personality, and yet there were times when he was wholly baffled and when through his action or behavior he frequently injured others, and still, when called to account, he always affected a reconciliation through his mere personality. His *Physiognomische Fragmente* created a fine stir in fashionable salons and at æsthetic tea-parties, when they first came out. The idle and high-flown prattle of the snobs of the period must have done more to amuse and exasperate the cooler intelligences than the work itself, which could boast of an introduction written with the coöperation of Goethe. It is well known that this is the reason for the mockery of Lichtenberg, who heaped bitter ridicule upon the author in several journals.

Lavater, who was on good terms with Heinrich Merck, the boyhood friend of Goethe, seems to have complained to him over this rough criticism, for in a letter dated May 17, 1778, the latter seeks to excuse Lavater's assailant: 'I know Lichtenberg personally. He is more than a wit. He has a very keen mind. The twaddle about your book that Zimmermann has spread among the Hanoverian nobility is what has got him up in arms. . . . The trouble with Lichtenberg is that he does n't know you personally. I am perfectly sure that in that case he would never indulge in a single line of this bitter but amusing kind of wit.'

Goethe also says something of the same sort about Lavater: 'People who don't like him at a distance become his friends when they come near him.' . . .

Most of the pictures that he had made for himself or that were presented to him satisfied Lavater as little as did his ideas of his subjects satisfy them. We can readily understand how he felt. The art of drawing and portrait-painting in Germany at that time — at least so far as we find it represented in Lavater's collection — stood on a plane none too high. To give us a picture of the inner man demands, indeed, the very greatest art, whereas in the artists who worked for Lavater we can see only more or less skillful journeymen, while even able portrait-painters would have had difficulty enough in satisfying Lavater's demands. By virtue of his own peculiar gifts, he sought to read in the faces of men, literally, the last secrets of their souls. 'His insight into individual men really went beyond all comprehension. People were amazed to hear how accurately he could describe this person or that. It was a terrible thing to live near a man to whom every wall within which Nature had striven to enclose one's individuality was transparent.'

If Goethe himself was so powerfully affected by the strange clairvoyant gift of Lavater, how much it must have disturbed other lesser men; and how can one expect to set the drawings or paintings that young painters or silhouette-artists made for Lavater beside the pictures of men that he drew from men themselves. Even in the artistic representations of his own countenance he often finds flaws and blunders — with perfect right, one must admit. A man who in life had such a powerful effect on others as Lavater must indeed have had more greatness in him than shows in his own pictures.

One can hardly think otherwise when, beside a mediocre drawing that shows him *en face*, he has written the words: 'Something of Lavater, but not all of him — I hope!'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

LONDON BRIDGE

BY ERIC CHILMAN

[*Sunday Times*]

THE folk that live in London,
They cross, with little heed,
The bridge their fathers builded
To carry them at need.

The folk that come to London,
Hotfoot from everywhere,
They loiter by the arches,
And lift their eyes and stare.

And, London-born or strangers,
Men cross before they die
The famous bridge of London,
Beneath the London sky.

AN ENGINE ARRIVING AT KING'S CROSS DURING A SNOWSTORM

BY D. M. HOBBS

[London *Poetry*]

Room for the Fire King! Room!
He heaves his smoking shoulders through the gloom,
Moving slow,
With the snow
On his breast, breathing heavily and low.
Give him room!

Way for the Giant! Way!
His sides are scratched and reeking from the fray,
From the blow
Of his foe;
The steam god has met the god of snow.
Give him way!

Hold! Touch him not. Stand apart!
While the hot sighs rise from his heart,
Hoarse and deep;
And the fire dies down in his breast,
And his heavy axles rest.
Let him sleep.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A MODERN CATHEDRAL

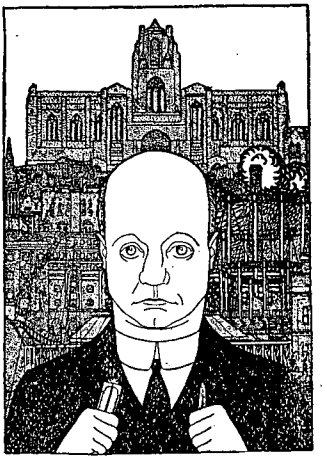
A YOUNG man of twenty-one was the designer, and the same young man at forty-four is the builder, of Liverpool's new cathedral, which was dedicated in its half-finished state by King George and Queen Mary last month. Years ago King Edward laid the corner stone. The new cathedral, when completed, will be inferior in size to only two cathedrals in Europe: Saint Peter's in Rome and the Cathedral of Seville.

In 1901, when the competition for designs was opened, Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott was a youthful draftsman working in the office of an architectural firm in London. All the famous architects of Great Britain entered the competition. Even the firm by which the future winner was employed decided to enter designs; but young Scott, confiding in no one, worked out his own plans in spare time which he made for himself by rising early in the morning. He won the competition — the comments of his employers when they found their draftsman had beaten them are not recorded — and now, as an architect with an established reputation, though still young, twenty-three years after he first resolved to compete, he has the satisfaction of seeing his dream beginning to rise in solid stone.

The choir, the transepts, the chapter house, choir aisles, vestries and Lady chapel are wholly finished as well as a portion of the great central space above which the tower is to be erected. Mr. Scott's cathedral is original where originality might well have been thought to be exhausted. It is Gothic, but it copies no special national style. It is an original adaptation of the pure Gothic to the special needs and spirit of our century. When finished, it will accommodate a congregation of eight thousand upon ceremonial occasions. The choir and the transepts, which now stand ready for worshipers, will seat twelve hundred and the Lady chapel, the first portion of the building erected, has been in regular use for worship for some time. The builders are endeavoring to finish each portion of the building entirely with all its equipment, furnishings, decorations, and carving. They are not attempting to push on with the outside walls at the expense of everything else, as was done when the Westminster Cathedral was built.

Mr. Scott himself has written for the London *Morning Post* a short article about his cathedral, in which he says:—

> A cathedral is a great opportunity for an architect to express an abstract idea in architectural form. The practical requirements are simple and few. The chief requirement is to produce a solemn and



SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT

A Caricature by 'Quiz' in the *Saturday Review*

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devotional effect. Here the architect has an opportunity of competing on more or less equal terms with musicians, painters, and other creative artists; but, unlike them, he cannot destroy his work if dissatisfied. Once built, he may see many faults that he could remedy, but he is condemned to view these with a feeling of exasperated impotence.

The aim being to produce a religious atmosphere, it is natural that he should examine existing buildings where this characteristic is to be found, and endeavor to learn how it has been achieved, and to attempt, if possible, to do even better. I feel bound to confess (though with diffidence, be it said) that English cathedrals, as they stand, do not sufficiently produce this religious atmosphere. The restorer's hand is laid heavily upon them, and incongruous fittings and alterations break up the harmony and tend to destroy breadth and serenity. This is more noticeable when one possesses the faculty of viewing a building as a thing in itself, and of dissociating the impressions undoubtedly produced upon the mind by age and historical association. In visiting old cathedrals I have found in a few Continental examples a suggestion of what should be aimed at; and, curiously enough, my enthusiasm on discovering these inspiring instances was tempered by a feeling of exasperation that the atmosphere I sought had already been produced, and produced with more success than I felt I myself could achieve — I wanted to find it, and yet when I did I felt almost resentful! . . .

Liverpool Cathedral is an endeavor to produce an effect which will inspire, and the architecture is subsidiary to this purpose, though the ideal aimed at, like all ideals, is elusive. I hope Liverpool will be more than a denominational cathedral, and will make an appeal even to those professing allegiance to no orthodox church, but who, nevertheless, feel that there is a Great Mystery behind Creation, of which they are vaguely conscious, but of which they can form no adequate conception.

A quarter-century ago the site of the cathedral was chosen, a ridge running parallel to the river with cliffs rising vertically to a height of seventy or eighty feet on one side and a gentler slope covered with grass and bushes on the other. It is about a mile from the centre of the city, and the cliffs are partly due to the fact that there was once an old quarry on the hillside. The cathedral will tower above the horizon and it will be one of the first things that incoming ships will see. It is separated from the great blocks of offices and other commercial buildings which cluster about the Liverpool piers, and is far enough away from the business section of the town to escape danger of being swamped for at least a hundred years, though it is difficult to prophesy about the growth of cities.

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HIS MAJESTY BUYS MOTORS

KING GEORGE V has decided that it will not do for a man in his position to go on using a last year's car any longer. Indeed, His Majesty has for some time been much worse off than a man with a last year's car, for the one he ordinarily uses was built for him in 1910. All is not lost, however. A specially commissioned British motor-firm has now completed five new royal cars, of which it recently held a 'press view.'

Four of the chassis are much larger than those of the average high-power car. The wheel base is 13½ feet, but as the coach-makers have used special care to maintain relative proportions, the cars do not seem bulky and, indeed, look rather low. All the machines have been specially fitted, and the limousines are especially adapted for state occasions. They are built with unusually high head-room to permit His Majesty to wear his Field Marshal's uniform without damage to the towering plumes that flutter from the royal helmet. All the windows are made larger than usual, so that the

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loyal Britisher, as he stands cheering by the roadside, may have a clear view of his sovereign. The cars are painted in royal claret, picked out with vermilion. The royal arms are emblazoned on the doors and back panels. The exterior mountings are bronze, the upholstery is blue morocco, and all the interior fittings are silver.

His Majesty's cars have no registered number-plates, but instead are adorned with a badge consisting of a royal standard on a shield. At night they are distinguished by a special blue signal-light that enables the London bobbies to recognize the royal car and give it precedence in traffic. One of the limousines is to be displayed side by side with His Majesty's 1910 car and the last car that King Edward used.

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OUR UNEXPLORED PLANET

In spite of the popular superstition that the whole surface of the globe has yielded to the surveyor, enterprising explorers still continue to find parts of it with all the lure of the unknown. Within recent months the mysterious oasis of Jabrin, in the great Arabian desert, the remoter regions of Tibet, and the Ituri country of Central Africa have all been forced to yield up a few more secrets.

Captain R. E. Cheesman, an Englishman, has been able to locate definitely the oasis of Jabrin, whose exact position has long been in doubt among geographers. For six days his little expedition marched over arid desert, relying on such water-supplies as they could carry in skins. Throughout the journey he verified his position by astronomical observations and was thereby able to correct such maps of the region as already exist. He found a savage tribe of Arabs, scarcely to be regarded as Moslem, but harking back to the pagan days before Mohammed began his teaching, and possibly survivors of the earlier native population that is supposed to have preceded the Arabs in the peninsula. These people are still practically living in the Stone Age.

Captain Cheesman was able to locate ruins believed to be those of Jerra, the ancient Phœnician port on the Persian Gulf, as its position corresponds with that given by Ptolemy about the middle of the second century; and he also made a collection of geological specimens, together with desert fauna and flora, many of which proved to be new to science.

Two other British explorers, Captain F. Kingdon Ward and Mr. R. Cowdor, have penetrated to Tsetang, near Lhasa, in Tibet, studying the botany, anthropology, and geology of the country. The most interesting part of the report which they have sent back runs as follows: —

> After crossing the Karo-la (16, 200 feet), we left the Lhasa road and marched along the southern shores of the Yamdrok Tso, almost due east. From these breezy uplands at an average height of 15,000 feet we had fine views of the lake, sapphire water, and honey-colored mountains locked together like a jig-saw puzzle. We crossed several dry arms of the lake — mud plains abandoned by the retreating water — and found 'jongs' like mediæval castles perched up on lofty rocks, whence the Tibetan barons look down on the villages at their feet. All this high country is, however, very sparsely populated, and the southern shore of the great lake is scarcely known to Europeans.
>
> At this height it was still winter in mid-April, and we saw no blade of green. Nevertheless, huge flocks of sheep and goats and herds of yaks grazed over the meagre brown herbage, and we saw plenty of wild animals, hundreds of hares on the stony hills, partridges in the grassy valleys, gazelles on the gravel plains, and on the lake itself geese and ducks by the thousand.

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From the southeast corner of the lake we followed a new route over lofty, unexplored mountain-regions direct to Tsetang. During this part of the journey we encountered heavy snowstorms, but after crossing a 16,000-foot pass between the Yamdok basin and the Tsang Po valley, we descended into warmer and more fertile regions.

We now began to see trees for the first time since leaving the Chumbi valley — poplar, willow, and elm, with peach blossom here and there and a fragrant buddleia. But trees are precious in these parts and are walled in or grown in the monastery churchyard. Clumps of dwarf iris were in flower by the roadside, and people were at work in the fields ploughing with yaks. On every bluff and stream was perched a monastery.

Having returned from his travels, Dr. Cuthbert Christy gives a fascinating glimpse into the life of the pygmies of the Ituri country in Central Africa. Though some of the pygmy tribes are well enough known, these little people are still so securely hidden in their fastnesses that they have largely escaped scientific attention. They are very small, the women even smaller than the men, and the babies, according to the explorer, 'the tiniest of tiny mites.' They are not so dark as other Africans, their color inclining to reddish. Dr. Christy writes: —

Like sensitive wild animals trapped, the pygmies are extremely shy and nervous when holding intercourse with strangers, but when sure of their surroundings they are quick-witted, cunning, and can be very fierce.

Monkey is their favorite food, which they usually eat raw or merely toasted. Their only idea of adornment is to daub their faces with red, blue, or black paint, and to wear small sticks or pieces of straw through a hole in the sides of the nose. They inhabit little leafy beehive-huts.

Their skill with the bow and arrow is really wonderful.

They can be shot with the most deadly force behind them. While in the forest I collected the skin of a full-grown leopard which I saw brought in triumph to a pygmy camp, having been shot clean through the heart and killed with one arrow.

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RUDYARD KIPLING'S PROOF SHEETS

A SET of proof sheets corrected by Rudyard Kipling was recently put up for sale by Messrs. Hodgson in London. The most interesting and important are those of 'Egypt of the Egyptians' set up in three galleys for *Nash's Magazine*. One passage ridicules the P. & O. liners which ply between the British Isles and India, and the cautious publisher feared legal difficulties. Against his inquiry stands a note initialed 'R. K.' in which he says that he regards the paragraph as 'fair comment on a matter of public interest.' At the head of the article three verses are printed which were omitted in serial publication. One line has an amusing alteration which is evidently a concession to British taste: the original 'Damn well finished' has become 'Done and finished.'

These proofs do not show quite such excessive care in revision as Kipling frequently gave his work. The late Robert Barr in showing a friend a Kipling manuscript according to the *Manchester Guardian*, once observed: —

This story has been written over five times. Some parts, as you see, are written in black ink, some in red. The red portions will be rearranged by the author. Then the whole thing will be typewritten, and Kipling will go over the typewritten copy, improving, amending, adding, and cutting out. We give him a first proof, which he will fall upon and mutilate in a way that will make the printer tired when the proof gets back to him. How many proofs he will consume before the story is published nobody knows, but I am afraid the whole printing establishment will take to drink before he gets through with it.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Conservative Mind, by A Gentleman with a Duster (Harold Begbie). London: Mills and Boon, 1924. 5*s*.

[*Public Opinion*]

'A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER' has written a new book called *The Conservative Mind*, which Mills and Boon will publish next week at 5*s*.

Like the famous *Mirrors of Downing Street*, *The Conservative Mind* is a book of political portraiture and presents the reader with intimate and fearless studies of men who represent the various aspects of the Conservative mentality, such as Mr. Baldwin, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Edward Wood, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, Sir Douglas Hogg, Captain Algernon FitzRoy, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and Mr. Oliver Stanley.

The author believes that there is a gravitation of serious and responsible opinion towards Conservatism, and he sets himself to discover whether the Conservative Party in its leadership and organization is adequate to the very considerable task of fighting a masked and secret revolution. In his conclusion, he deals with the unpublished tactics of the Labor Party, exposes the peril of Communism, and invites the nation to realize that a sane and intelligent Conservatism is the only sure defense against great economic distress and very serious social disorder.

The Week-End Book. London: Nonesuch Press, 1924. 6*s*.

[*Spectator*]

HERE is another care for those who are off on a holiday — for a week-end or a year: they must never forget to pack up *The Week-End Book* to take with them. If they are wise they will put it in the valise, or the coat-pocket, as soon as they even *think* of going away, and so make sure from the beginning that the time will be happily spent. Miss Vera Mendel, Mr. Francis Meynell and Mr. John Gosse between them have edited the cleverest help to holiday-making that was ever composed or compiled. They have included in a quite portable volume an excellent anthology — *Great, Hate,* and *State Poems,* and a *Zoo* — songs, games, first aid, and blank pages for additions. One thing only I could suggest to make it better. Anthologizing is the most thankless of labors; the best of poems can make the best of critics blue with anger, and anyone who does more than inform us quietly what we may possibly find agreeable to read calls down on himself reproaches and indignations. If only the book could have been printed on loose leaves, so that we could equally well add our private treasures and omit our private horrors, it would have been perfect.

There is n't a word to say against the anthology, of course; it is a marvelously good anthology. It is never intrusive; there are none of the World 's Best Poems in it, those torturingly familiar poems that simply *must* be put in anthologies. Nearly all the inclusions are of that quickening type, poems with which we are just acquainted and with which we long to be intimate. But here is the nuisance — if anyone has an utter aversion for Francis Thompson, or Shelley, or Shakespeare (and I could name admirable people with each of these aversions), well, he won't be able to find peace unless he tears pages out of the book, and it would take a commentator on the classics to do that with a book published by the Nonesuch Press.

This one complaint for imperfection off my mind, I can proceed to detail perfections. It was a pure intuitive knowledge of our needs which dictated to the editors their policy of selection. They have given more space to seventeenth-century verse than any ordinary person would have dared to give; and in that period more poems were composed of a light, free, and companionable grace than ever else. There was Milton, of course, to solidify its achievement; but he, reverend and colossal, is never allowed one word in this gay company. There is tragedy and pain here for those who can bear it lightly, but no trumpets and groans. The section of Hate Poems, a pleasant admission, should afford a prophylactic against disappointment and a relief in trouble. There is that masterpiece of brevity, Mr. W. N. Ewer's poem, 'The Chosen People': —

> How odd
> That God
> Should choose
> The Jews.

Surely a hundred readers will remedy on the appropriate pages one important omission and quote at length from the most declamatory, savage and mannerless poem in English, Charles Churchill on Hogarth — or at least so much of it as this: —

With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away.

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Pale quivering lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The Spirits out of tune, the Mind unstrung,
Thy Body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling through the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,
Can'st thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to Malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,
From deep repentance wash away thy sin,
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly.
And, on the verge of dying, learn to die.

One of the most powerful exercises in Black Magic ever brought to an issue: within a year Hogarth was dead.

The Plastic Age, by Percy Marks. London: Selwyn and Blount; New York: Century Co., 1924. $2.00.

[*Outlook*]

The Plastic Age is said to have sold furiously in the United States, but is not likely to sell much better here than Mr. Arnold Lunn's exposure of Harrow sold in America. It appears that in American colleges the students are tempted to be unchaste, to drink strong liquors, and to smoke cigarettes. To the English reader these vices seem quite variously detrimental, but Mr. Marks does not distinguish. Whether cigarette-smoking leads to the introduction of painted ladies into your fraternity house, or vice versa, remains to the end obscure. The real horror in Professor Marks's picture resides in none of these vices, bad though they be. Rather does it lie in something worse than a vice, in a disease, which Professor Marks with all his (see advertisement) daring has been unable freely to discuss, namely, in the hard spirit. Whether they are cheering at a football match, or sustaining an examination, or illegitimately indulging in an orgy of hooch or tobacco, these young men have always their eyes on their neighbors. 'If Father says Turn, we all Turn. If Father says Cheer, we all Cheer.' And when the wicked Professor exclaims (Chapter X): 'I enjoy the game myself, but why weep over it? I don't think I ever saw anything more absurd than these boys singing with the tears running into their mouths,' the virtuous Professor has only to reply: 'What you say, Jones, is quite right. But, do you know, I pity you,' to have the author's and perhaps the reader's sympathy with him. By this book the typical American college is made to look like the lower forms of an English Public School. But — let us reflect — the higher the civilization, the longer the adolescence.

My Nestorian Adventure in China, by Fritz Hohn. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 18*s*.

[*Sunday Times*]

This book is the interesting record of a very remarkable feat. For centuries past it has been known in Europe that in the Chinese province of Shensi, over a thousand miles inland, stood a remarkable monument, a stela bearing an inscription proving that the Christian religion had been preached and practised in China as long ago as the year 635 of our era, when it was introduced by Nestorian missionaries, probably hailing from Syria, and protected by several successive emperors. Conquered by Buddhism, Christianity languished and perhaps died out altogether, until, six hundred years later, Bishop John of Monteconino inspired and led a second mission. It speaks strongly for the tolerance of the native priests and populace that the stone and its inscription — an extremely lengthy one — still stand uninjured by any hand save that of time, which has touched it but lightly.

The Chinese are notoriously jealous of their ancient monuments, and the attempt to add the actual stone to the archæological treasures of European museums, as was done with the Rosetta and Moabite stones, would not have been permitted. But the authorities made no difficulty about the production of a replica. Mr. Hohn's task was a heavy one, and called for much tact and infinite patience, but its chief difficulties were the raising of the necessary funds and the transport to the coast and afterwards to New York of a mass of stone weighing over two tons. The replica has found a permanent resting-place in the Lateran, and Pope Benedict rewarded Mr. Hohn's long and strenuous efforts by creating him a Commander in the Order of St. Sylvester.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Christy, Dr. Cuthbert. *Big Game and Pygmies.* London: Macmillan Company, 1924.

Lavater, Johann Kaspar. *Physiognomic Portfolios.* Edited by Dr. Rudolf Peyer. Vienna: Amalthea-Verlag, 1924.

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Investors' Library

HE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging ıs of the times.

he *Living Age*, in connection with its Financial Adver- g Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication he following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should e useful to those readers who are concerned over the prob- of the investment of their surplus funds.

is recommended that readers write directly to the invest- t Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most y to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may est. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to g *Age* readers.

Bonds and How to Buy Them," an interesting booklet nerating the important features in securities with which stors should be familiar. Offered by Otis & Co., 216 rior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," giving the rience of a prominent mortgage house. Offered by Adair ty & Trust Company, 271 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

The Straus Plan." A new 16-page booklet explaining the upon which the well-known Straus slogan "42 Years ıout Loss to any Investor" was founded. Of much use to who are interested in real estate mortgage bond invest- s. Offered by S. W. Straus & Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, York City.

Monthly Investment Plan," financial independence ıgh the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. sby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Choosing Your Investment Banker," a worth-while let for investors, giving them an idea of what to look for eir investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 5o. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

ystematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses artial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. ed by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

or Buyers of Bonds," an interesting booklet for buyers vestment securities. It explains many of the facilities of a bond house, and describes the financing of nations, cities rporations. Offered by The National City Company, 55 Street, New York.

ublic Utility Bonds." Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Street, New York, have issued a circular of 30 of the better n public utility bonds, affording a wide variety for selec- vith yields ranging from 5.16% to 7%. Copies of this cir- will be sent on request.

ying Investment Stocks. *Living Age* readers may e full information about the sale and purchase of invest- stocks by addressing Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress t, Boston, Mass., or 42 Broadway, New York City.

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To-Day

The September number of Scribner's Magazine is out with two of the keenest articles on our institutions which have appeared recently.

* * *

The movies and politics — they are two subjects of conversation wherever you go. In the September Scribner's, Congressman Charles Browne tells "What's the Matter With Congress" and William C. deMille talks of "Bigoted and Bettered Pictures."

* * *

Both have much to say about encumbering laws and the regulation of morals and everything in general by legislation. Both are witty, amusing, and at the same time carry weight of definite conviction. Both are men who know.

* * *

Edward P. Mitchell shows Elihu Root in a little known rôle — that of dramatic critic of the New York Sun. Other delightful figures move in his reminiscences of editorial days in "Mr. Dana and His People" in the September Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Byron — the rebel, fighter, man of fashion, and poet, is created by Harry B. Smith from his books and autographs just as surely, as lightly, and pleasingly, as Mr. Smith wrote "Robin Hood" and his other musical comedies.

* * *

Then take a trip with Kermit Roosevelt all the way across Siberia and Russia, stopping off at Leningrad and Moscow. He attends the opera done to the tune of one piano—for, of all things in a communist country, there was a strike. Read his "On the Soviet Trans-Siberian" in the September Scribner's.

* * *

"One Night Only," "The Curve of Adventure," and "Pad and the Mom" are the short stories in the number; as various and as brave as you wish.

* * *

The authors are McCready Huston, Ruth Robinson Blodgett, and Shaw Desmond.

* * *

And the Galsworthy novel is full of spice and the life of the stirring present.

* * *

See Rome in George Wharton Edwards's drawings, and Venice in Royal Cortissoz's "The Field of Art" which deals with "Venice; the Paintable City — Threats Against Its Beauty."

* * *

William Lyon Phelps chats of books, of old age, and adds several specimens to his Ignoble Prize Gallery.

* * *

The September Scribner's is the Magazine you've been waiting for. It takes life not too seriously — yet seriously enough. There is much to smile at and much to laugh with in these days, you know.

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